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WEEK ENDING AUG. 15 1925

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Liberty

A Weekly for ...dy

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By

Rupert Hughes

Also

In this Issue: NO QUESTIONS ASKED *By George Kibbe Turner*

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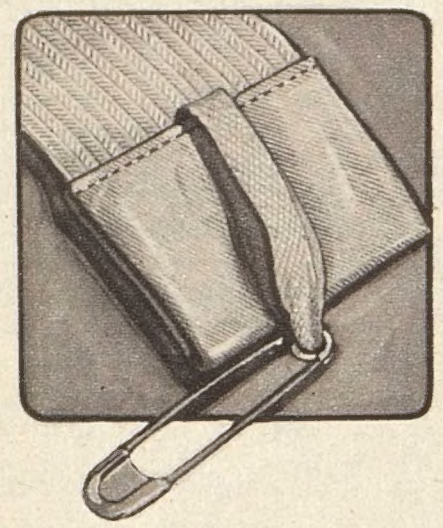

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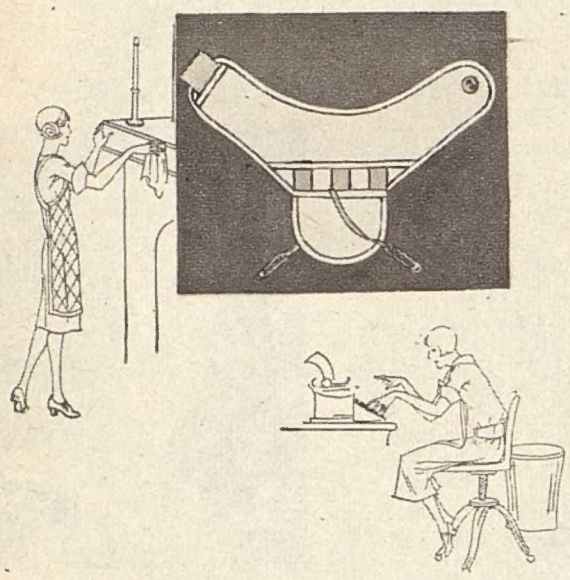

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You'll like them so much better that it will pay you to ask for Hickory Belts in particular. If you do not find them, write, sending your dealer's name. Address, Mrs. Ruth Stone, 1195 West Congress Street, Chicago.

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HICKORY

Personal Necessities

AUGUST 15, 1925

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 2 NO. 15

EDITORIAL OFFICES:
Chicago: Tribune Square. Central 0100
New York: 247 Park Ave. Ashland 3710
London: 138 Fleet Street, E. C. 4
Paris: 1 Rue Scribe

ADVERTISING OFFICES:
Chicago: Tribune Square. Central 0100
New York: 247 Park Ave. Ashland 3710
London: 138 Fleet Street, E. C. 4
Paris: 1 Rue Scribe

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

READING WELL

The purpose of Liberty is to provide interesting reading. It may be that some of it or much of it is ephemeral and will not last, but it is a part of entertainment which life needs. Tom Mix is not Edwin Booth and a Western is not Shakespeare, but none of that detracts from the value of Tom Mix and the Western.

A popular magazine has its place, which is large and important, in making life more pleasant. It is one of the amusements which people seek, and we think it is one of the best. If Liberty is a pleasant part of the week it is a big five cents' worth.

Some people like to tell other people what to read. That comes off the top of Olympus. Tastes and appetites vary, except the appetite for telling someone, anyone, or everyone what to do. That is universal, whether it is what to take for a cold or the rheumatism, where to go for a vacation, what play to see, or what to read.

Read better things than appear in popular magazines. The great books are outstanding. They also are diversified. Read Ecclesiastes in the Old Testament. Read Keats' Ode to the Nightingale. Read Gibbon, Wells' Outline of History, Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn (many critics think that it is the greatest American novel), read Dickens for a Niagara of characters, read Tolstoi, Parkman's American histories, Washington's letters, Balzac, Stevenson, Shakespeare, Emily Bronte's Wuthering Heights (for many reasons it is a marvel to people who write). For a great romance of mystery read Wilkie Collins' Moonstone or Woman in White or No Name. The list is long, sufficient, with re-reading, for a lifetime.

Reading is the universal and sympathetic eye. It acquaints man with his past, traditions, prejudices, errors, and benevolences. It awakens understanding even when, as in fiction, it does not give information. It interprets. It is a place on a mountain top.

It makes kindlier people. It acquaints people with the general perplexities and sufferings, triumphs and joys of other human beings. It is the Pantheon where all people meet without prejudice or competition and try to understand each other.

It reveals every motive which may influence people for good or bad. It is a key to an understanding of human action. It is a way to perception. A person of much reading is a person of many sympathies. Personal contact may not include many people intimately or understandingly. In reading all contacts are intimate.

Reading in youth will guide a whole life. Out of it youth will develop a thousand antennæ which invisibly feel for life and find it. It is an inspiration of adult life and a solace. It is the cheerful west window of old age.

Reading is the most durable happiness known. It lasts into old age when other avenues of happiness are closed. Life loses many things as it matures, but so long as the mind and imagination can be fascinated by reading life is not impoverished. It still has its flowers and its song even when physical limitations are acutely felt.

Illusion is the great conqueror of many realities too crude or cruel to be pleasant companions. Literature is a bewitchment of life, and so read and read well.

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Cover Design by Charles H. Towne

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Wilson's Wooing and the Panic It Caused

© U. & U.
MRS. JOSEPHUS DANIELS

DEMOCRATIC leaders believed Woodrow Wilson would lose the Presidency in 1916 if he married Edith Bolling Galt. His courtship precipitated a secret political scare without a parallel in modern times. A new inside story of this famous romance—a story now told for the first time—is revealed in next week's Liberty by *Mrs. Josephus Daniels*, wife of the Secretary of the Navy in the Wilson cabinet. Her startling article is called *When Mrs. Woodrow Wilson Became an Asset and Not a Liability.*

Henry Holt, whose vivid tale of Africa, *The Creeping Shadow*, enlivened a recent issue, contributes another thriller entitled *On the Plinth*—a strange story of a man who, for punishment, was compelled to walk eighty feet above the ground along a strip of cement five inches wide. There's hair-raising excitement in this swift narrative.

William S. Forman tells of *Riding in Luxury in Liners of the Air.* His lively description of a flight between Chicago and Paris in 1935 sounds like a fairy tale, but he gives sound reasons for declaring it to be merely a prediction of what will happen.

Jim Tully, ex-prize fighter and friend of the present pugilistic champion, considers the question *Will Dempsey Fight Again?* Has the world's greatest bruiser, he asks, been made esthetic by a plastic surgeon and a woman? By way of answer, he gives an intimate picture of Dempsey in his new home, and some never-before-printed confessions from the champion.

Royal Brown's fine serial, *The World in Their Heart*, mounts in interest as its action progresses, and there is a prodigal array of other good things in store.

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EXERCISE may conceivably be all very well for billionaires, who, after they have played nine holes of golf in three hours, can snooze off the bad effects for the remaining twenty-one.

WHY EXERCISE?

A Piquant Problem for the Bully Boys Who Bound About with Golf Clubs, Tennis Racquets, and Other Instruments of Prowess

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Pictures by RALPH BARTON

MR. NATHAN has been too busy to exercise much since his graduation from Cornell in 1904. He has been associated, as an editor, with half a dozen magazines; has written on the theater and kindred topics for many more; has produced an impressive array of books, both single-handed and in collaboration with H. L. Mencken, and has attained, thus far, the ripe old age of forty-three.

THE estimable Chauncey M. Depew not long ago celebrated his ninety-first birthday by getting to his office in the New York Central Terminal Building shortly after nine o'clock in the morning, reading and dictating so many letters that he wore out two of his secretaries, receiving and talking with dozens of callers, going home just in time to change his clothes to make a dinner engagement, and then attending and consuming a reasonable share of his eight thousand six hundred and forty-third banquet, which, like the eight thousand six hundred and forty-two banquets that had preceded it, consisted of the following menu:

Fruit Cocktail
Celery *Olives*
Cream of Pea Soup
Half Broiled Chicken on Toast
New String Beans
Potatoes Julienne
Hearts of Lettuce, Russian Dressing
Chocolate Parfait
Petits Fours
Demitasse

When the banquet was over a number of newspaper reporters gathered around him.

"For the love of God!" they asked him. "How do you manage to do it? How have you managed to keep up in this amazing way at ninety-one? You must be a great believer in keeping fit by systematic exercise."

A pained expression crossed the affable Chauncey's features.

"Exercise?" he exploded. "Certainly not! Not only have I never played golf, tennis, baseball, ping-pong, or any other fool game, but, what's more, I've never even exerted myself to the point of reading the sporting page of a newspaper. Exercise"—and here the still hearty and vigorous old gentleman permitted himself a fine derisory snicker—"exercise is the diversion of dudelsocks."

The eminent Mons. Depew was not joking, though he may have used a tonier and more elegant word than this dudelsocks. For the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

truth is that, like many other men who have reached a ripe and healthy age, he believes—as Haddon Chambers believed work was for workmen—that exercise is for athletes.

"Look at my dear good friend, Walter Camp," he has said. "He believed in systematic exercise, and he died at a little over three score years! And here am I still going strong at an age twenty-five years greater than that at which he was laid to his eternal rest.

"True enough," he continued, "two years before he died, Camp persuaded me to try my hand for a while at his celebrated daily dozen, but I fear that I have not been a very enthusiastic pupil. I have tried them, but my doctor says he's surprised that I even go to the trouble of bothering about them."

MORE and more, it seems to me, the delusion that exercise is the great thing that it is cracked up to be is being appreciated. That exercise is valuable in a man's very young years—say up to the age of twenty-five or six—may or may not be argued with a degree of conviction. But that it is good for a man beyond those years is another story.

In my own wide range of acquaintance I have known but two men who have been devotees of the exercise theory who haven't shown the evil effects of it when they crossed the line of forty. There may be statistics in the medical and health books and other such propaganda organs that demonstrate the value of exercise, but my own personal experience and my observation of other men—hundreds of them—convince me that there is much that is bogus in these figures.

For example, out of fifty-six men whom I knew intimately in my college days, thirty-eight were athletes and the rest, eighteen, cared no more for exercise of any sort than a Zulu cares for French perfume.

Of the thirty-eight, fourteen died from natural causes between the ages of twenty-five and forty-two. Of the remaining twenty-four, three today are invalids, six have periodically suffered serious nervous breakdowns, and one is able to work not more than five hours a day because of a weakened heart.

Of the eighteen who did not believe and have not since believed in exercise, two were killed in the war, two died from natural causes, and the rest are today as thoroughly healthy, active, and alive as so many fighting cocks. Of these latter, I, your humble servant, have at least the temporary honor to be one.

In my college days I was a bit of a backslider and did actually exercise a little—chiefly with the foils—but of exercise in the commonly accepted sense I knew little. And since that time my exercise has consisted chiefly in sedulously avoiding all forms of exercise.

Obviously, I pose in this article as no professor of the philosophy of exercise. I simply set down my personal observations and certain illuminating facts that have come to my attention. But it seems to me that such observations and the recording of such facts have quite as much merit as the observations and records of those who elect to pose as authorities.

I expect to receive several hundred letters from golf fiends, rubber apparatus pullers, gents who touch the floor with the tips of their fingers fifty times every morning and night, and other such self-doctorers arguing that I am first cousin to the jackass for exposing such a contention to the public gaze.

But the facts, as they have presented themselves to me, still remain. And these facts bring me to conclude that many of those who believe that exercise is benefiting them are actually being benefited very little, and, further, that they would in all probability be a whole lot better off if they hung their golf clubs over the mantelpiece as mural decorations, converted their rubber pullers into chewing gum, and devoted the time they spend at present to touching the floor with their fingertips to reading the *Police Gazette*. Such exercise as they currently take may give them the sense and feel of health, but I doubt that it gives them actual health—at least, in the long run.

When a man finishes eighteen holes of golf, he may feel like a lion; but a man feels no less like a lion, for that matter, when he has finished six cocktails. Exercise imparts a superficial feeling of health, but keep it up and in time it will give you the biological delirium tremens.

Henry Clews, the financier, who lived in vigorous health to a happy old age, confessed that he knew no more about exercise than a saxophone player knows about Mozart.

"But surely you must take some exercise; you must *walk* once in a while!" a reporter once exclaimed.

"Oh, yes, I walk once in a while," answered Clews; "perhaps half a block or so."

And while it may or may not be true, it remains that it was John Schell's boast—Johnny, you will recall, was the estimable Americano who was still up and going at one hundred and six—that the only exercise he had taken in all his long life was spitting at a distant cuspidor. Of John, however, we must not take too much for granted. A man's memory isn't so good at a hundred and six as it is, say, at a hundred.

ONE notices that a man's biography invariably contains an allusion to his athletic prowess in one direction or another; but one also notices that a man's autobiography, which may reasonably be assumed to tell the truth about him more accurately and pointedly, invariably contains no such allusion.

Now, since a man's autobiography isn't generally written and published until he is pretty well along in years, his views on exercise may be taken with some seriousness. And I have yet to read more than one such book published in the last twenty years wherein the more or less distinguished protagonist confessed to a devotion to physical gesticulations designed to keep him in trim.

For one John D. Rockefeller, Senior, who champions exercise, you will find ten celebrated fellows who scoff at it. Exercise may conceivably be all very well for billionaires, who, after they have played nine holes of golf in three hours, can snooze off the bad effects for the remaining twenty-one; but it isn't quite so easily and biologically profitable to be negotiated by mere millionaires and other comparative paupers, who can afford only fifteen or sixteen hours' sleep in which to build up again the tissues that the aforesaid exercise has put an undue strain upon and worn out.

There are certain men, of course, whom exercise of one species or another benefits, but I believe that for every such man there are half a dozen who, whether they are privy to the fact or not, are hurt by it.

But the propaganda has been so insidious and widespread that most men never stop to investigate whether exercise is good for them or not and never take the precaution to learn from their physicians whether it is helpful or not helpful to their health and well-being. These, consequently, take for granted that what is good for Jack Dempsey is, *ipso facto*, equally good for them.

I went into one of the best known gymnasiums in New York the other day, and I'll lay a bet of one hundred dollars against a photograph of Senator Smoot that three particularly portly gents between forty-five and fifty whom I glimpsed heroically turning somersaults and puffing like glue factory chimneys at medicine ball will be complete wrecks years before they would otherwise be.

While not in the inside confidence of the Deity, I yet seriously doubt that God, when He put His children on earth, designed the perpetuation of their health and well-being after the same principle that He designed the perpetuation of the health and well-being of chipmunks.

There is an old phrase, "As healthy as a barber." I have known many barbers in my life, but I have yet to know one who ever played golf or tennis, was a member of a baseball club, rode horseback, played polo, basketball, or any other kind of ball, ran cross-country, climbed telegraph poles, or walked home from his work at nights.

There is probably no more sedentary occupation on this globe than that of the tonsorial professor, and few occupations that are conducted where the air is so bad; yet the average barber, who, even on his day off, takes no more exercise than is involved in riding on a Coney Island roller-coaster or in going to a movie show, is generally in an enviably fit physical condition.

Every man, of course, takes a certain amount of exercise unconsciously, and this, as I see it, is enough for him. Whether he believes in exercising or not, he still walks more or less, lifts weights of one sort or another during his daily round, jumps on and off busses and street cars, pushes doors open and shut, and otherwise loosens up his muscles.

The theory that this exercise is vastly more beneficial if he does it in a plus four suit, I can't satisfactorily grasp. But men are constituted that way, which accounts for the prosperity of the salesmen of oil stocks, divining rods, horoscopes, wall-papering lessons by mail, perpetual motion machines, genuine diamonds for $3.25, and other such sucker bait.

The average man believes that exercise is valuable only if it is something that is described in one of Spalding's "Guides." He believes that if he leaves his office and walks up Fifth Avenue he isn't getting one-tenth the benefit that he'd get if he put on a Boy Scout uniform and walked through Weehawken. And he believes, further, that chasing a little round white ball across a cow pasture will keep him fit as a fiddle where jazz dancing will ruin his health.

THE current idiotic craze for indiscriminate exercise has followed the "taking care of yourself" propaganda which has filled the public journals for the last five years. These public journals, some of them, have taken the place of the old drug store almanacs with their comprehensive descriptions of symptoms that made every reader feel like calling up the undertaker instanter.

As an experiment, just before sitting down to confect this article, I bought at random a dozen newspapers and periodicals and made a careful scrutiny of them.

From the text and advertisements, I became impressed with the fact that I indubitably was in immediate need of ten different kinds of tonics, three different kinds of

I'll lay a bet of one hundred dollars against a photograph of Senator Smoot that three portly gents whom I glimpsed puffing like glue factory chimneys at medicine ball will be complete wrecks years before they would otherwise be.

health belts, six courses in physical culture, several different species of physic, the attention of two eye specialists and one ear specialist, four kinds of horse liniment, and no end of other correctives. For I happen to enjoy all of the symptoms, portending danger and perhaps an unduly early demise, set forth by the impresarios in point. Fortunately, however, I also happen to enjoy a little common sense. But there are persons not so happily gifted, and it is they who make so magnificent a ritual of "taking care of themselves," as the phrase is, that they almost botch themselves in the doing. Many of them, true enough, do not take all the recommended philtres and mechanical nostrums, but they make up for it by taking so much exercise that by the time they are fifty it is all they can do to work out the word "exercise" for a cross-word puzzle without becoming completely winded.

Although it is something of a digression, whenever I hear the ubiquitous eloquence over "taking care of yourself," I am reminded of the venerable Henry Holt's tobacco philosophy. Asked about smoking, he said that when he was fifty or thereabouts he had been a great smoker, consuming as many as twenty-five cigars a day, but that at sixty-five it began to tell a bit on him and he had to cut it out.

"Did you cut it out entirely?" he was asked.

"Well, not exactly entirely," he answered, "but I cut it down considerably. I cut it down to twenty cigars a day."

TO get back to exercise, which shows age the more: the farmer, whose daily life is a round of exercise, or the city business man, whose exercise, if he takes it at all, comes in homeopathic doses? The average farmer at forty looks sixty. The average city business man at the same age generally looks it and little more.

The time-honored saying that England's great battles have been won on the playing fields of Eton is buncombe. England's great battles have been won out of the shops and factories of the cities, the same as the great battles of almost any other nation. For one English boy who could and can afford the athletics of Eton, there were and are a thousand who get no more exercise than an occasional holiday permits them to—and in these thousands lies England's military glory, as in other similar thousands lies the fighting glory of other nations.

Athletics, to repeat, are for athletes. The great work of the world is not done by men with biceps as large as Smithfield hams or by proficient pole vaulters and water polo players, but by men who let their bodies quietly store up enough energy so that their minds may exercise themselves to their infinite content. Bismarck's chief exercise was eating. Shaw says that his is sleeping. Van Cortlandt Park's tennis courts and golf links are full of shoe clerks and delicatessen dealers.

THE END

Then came the name of Pen Paget added to the white flashes of the Street of the White Lights;

No Questions Asked

THIS is a story of Adolphe Quareme, the man who makes women for the Street of the White Lights, and the woman who agreed to let him make her—and no questions asked!

It is a very famous story, among those who know the real stories of the great intrigues of the Big Town—but it is new, too, in a way. For though you will hear it now and then, among the dealers in youth along Broadway, it has never before now, I think, been put into print.

The shops of the wholesalers of youth—as you may not know—lie all around the Street of the White Lights.

And into them, year after year, youth comes, is looked over, appraised, and card catalogued—by weight, height, complexion, voice and figure—and parceled out by the wholesalers according to the charms required by the retailers. And this girl, though new in the street then, was already in the catalogue; and her specifications ran something like this:

Pen Paget. Ingenue type. Tall. Slender. Dark. Age 19. Winner of Ohio State beauty contest. Experience in chorus. Wants a bit in comic opera.

She was having—like most of them—a more or less hopeless time in disposing of her youth, when all at once Quareme started sending out to the dealers his S O S for a new type—a heroine for his new romantic spectacle, Aucassin and Nicolette. And her dealer sent her over with his card to see him.

So she came into Quareme's famous private studio—fitted like a monastery cell; and found him sitting at his plain dark table in his plain but elegant black clothes—every detail good theater always. For he always seemed himself to be acting a part; staging his whole life—as, in fact, some said he had to do, because of certain happenings in his past—before he had come, ten years ago, from the Street of the Forgotten Men to Broadway—at first as a mere stage costumer.

He rose to meet her with that quick white smile he had for those he saw salable and profitable use in.

"But you are wonderful to look at," he said, in his flattering foreign way. "And you are, I see, good yourself also."

"I hope so," she came back quickly.

"And can you work? And take orders? Without making questions?" he asked her, with a sharp, quick glance, that shot out like a dagger from a cloak.

"I can," she said.

"And—pardon—have you any close relatives or friends here in the city?" he asked her now.

"No," she said. "Not one."

Then she started telling him, excited, what she had told no one else in the Big Town—not only her stage name, but her real name, and all about her real self.

But he stopped her, holding out his thin-fingered hand.

"No. Please!" he said, with that foreign

and a new stage heroine, a cloistered heroine of old romance, for a change, upon Broadway.

Pictures by RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

A Love Story of the Stage and a Plot for Millions

By George Kibbe Turner

politeness that covered everything he thought and did like a mask. "It would be better—for you—for me—if I think of you as Nicolette only. For me, you must be Nicolette—or nothing!"

Then she sat still upon her backless bench across the Italian monastery table, while he watched her with eyes as sharp as a young bird's before he spoke again.

"My dear," he asked her then, "you are not engaged—no—nor married?"

"No."

"And is the friendship of men always necessary to you?"

"No," she answered this peculiar question sharply. "Why?"

Instead of answering he took a small blue and white volume from his dark plain table.

"This will, I think, show best," he told her, opening it with his long slim fingers, "my desire in this—the soul of my production—this poem here in the beginning." And then he read to her one stanza, in a slow, stiff, theatrical voice:

BALLADE OF NICOLETTE.

All bathed in pearl and amber light
She rose to fling the lattice wide,
And leaned into the fragrant night,
Where brown birds sang of summertide;
('Twas Love's own voice that called and cried.)
"Ah, Sweet!" she said, "I'll seek thee yet,
Though thorniest pathways should betide
The fair white feet of Nicolette."

And then he told her—the first time she had heard it—that story the production was built upon—that old French story of Aucassin and Nicolette—talking and gesturing theatrically, walking back and forth.

"Nicolette. Nicolette!" he called out in his stagy foreign voice. "You see her—yes—tall, white, pure white, young? Kept through snow and fire for one lover! Yes? But could you then see her also, coming from a Broadway restaurant, in early morning—with another man—with still the dream of Aucassin burning in her eyes? You cannot. No. Not even for her actress upon the stage. No. To go along with me you must look Nicolette—be Nicolette—think Nicolette! For with my Nicolette there will be no white lights—no Broadway—no men! If I myself shall have to keep her a prisoner, indeed—in a tower—like the first Nicolette herself! But could you do that?"

"I could," she said.

"Good. Good. We shall see," he told her.

So then in the next few weeks the candidate for Nicolette took the hard knocks of her training with the seclusion of a nun upon Broadway; and in the end, as the maker of stage heroines had hoped, looked more the type of his lithe, tall, slender dream of Nicolette than

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ever. And finally, one day, he called her once again into his luxurious monastery cell and asked the question she had worked so hard to hear:

"Well, then, my Nicolette, are we ready to go on?"

"We are," she said, with shining eyes.

The famous manager sat looking up, in his big black chair, in his theatrically plain black clothes, fondling the human skull which served him as a paper weight on the plain dark table which lay between them.

"I have made now not a few famous women," he said then, slowly—throwing both hands outward—"all out of nothing—out of girls! But always strictly upon my own terms."

"What are those?" Pen Paget asked him.

"In your case there are two. The first you know already."

"No men," she said, and laughed.

"Retirement—and no men!" he replied—and did not laugh. "In one word, Nicolette."

She waited out his artificial stagy pause.

"And the second is," he went on finally—now suddenly fastening her with an eye as cold as a snake's and tightening his slim fingers on the skull—"if I make you, I must make you my own way. And—no—questions—asked! Do you agree to that?"

"I do," she answered. For she saw, of course, what had happened to her. She had been struck by lightning. The great Quareme was to take her up and make her. And make her his own way—or not at all—with one of his famous stunts with women.

SO then he started in, upon the spot, to work the machinery for this. He pushed an electric button beneath the antique table top—theatrical in his effects always, even with his employees—and two persons made their entrances, almost together, from two separate doors.

"Here we are at last," said Quareme, smiling his white smile again, "in one room—the four of us who will make Nicolette." And he introduced her first to the short, fat, smiling man with small eyes and a bad complexion who smelled of cigarettes. "Mr. Pabst, your press agent, the one and only man in the world for you—off the stage—but me."

And the fat man grinned and bowed.

"And Mrs. Hard, your mother—or will it be aunt?"

So she shook hands with the severe, hard-eyed woman with the plain hair, her stage mother.

And then the three sat down on the backless bench across the table from Quareme and heard him outline his plans for creating another famous heroine.

"It must be a plan new, ingenious. For New York, my dear," he explained to her, "is, of all the world, the place of scheming and intrigue. And for success we must show you in some very novel way—in this home of superschemers."

"Yes?" she said, listening.

"And what could be more novel for Broadway than real innocence—poetry, romance, white, all white throughout?" he asked, smiling. "So, then, are you ready—for your prison?"

"My prison?" she asked, staring.

"Where we can stage you—Nicolette—a prisoner from Broadway—a mysterious lady, whom no one shall see or know. Can you go to this dark tower of Nicolette, at once?"

"Certainly!" said Pen Paget, smiling, now that she understood. "Where is it?"

So he told her, bringing in the name of that first man—Murkinson, the great speculator in Wall Street stocks—for the first time. "He has at least three country places round New York," he said. "We are going to let you have the one which he never uses now—the old, ancient one upon the Hudson."

"But why should Mr. Murkinson turn over that to me?" asked Pen Paget, without thinking.

"What? Questions already?" asked Quareme, scowling.

"Oh! I'm sorry," said the girl, worried.

"Not that I am not willing to answer this one—this time!" he went on slowly, holding her eyes with his. "For why should not John Murkinson, my good friend, let me use his unused house? Speaking of the big money interest he has taken in our production—in Aucassin and Nicolette."

"Oh!" said Pen Paget, swearing to herself that never again would she ask any question of any kind.

"But do not worry—about any debt to any man—if that concerns you!" said the great manager of women. "For I will promise you that you will never see him—or any other man—in that prison of Nicolette! Not while we are working this scheme of advertising you! Does that satisfy your worries?"

"It does," she said, smiling. "Absolutely."

So that night the new Nicolette went out to her new home up the Hudson. Drove out with her stage mother, in her purring, high-powered automobile, with the two high-headed liveried men upon the front seat; and came at last into the grounds and by the old-fashioned gardens to the pillared side of the old-time country mansion with the dogs—that swarm of little brown pet dogs at its entrance, seeing them with curiosity that first time.

Then she went through the old place, up and down—through the twenty-odd rooms; and afterward came back and spent the long evening in the living room, beneath a great oil portrait of the owner of the place—that great speculator, Murkinson, the man she was never to see. A cruel, relentless face, she called it, even then.

And then for two weeks she rested and enjoyed her youth, as Quareme had told her to. Then after that she was in the Big Town for the crowded days of the last rehearsing, but days only. For nights she was always due back, it seemed, to the old, gloomy house with the great oil painting of its owner in the living room and the small brown dogs waiting at the door.

Then at last came the final cruelty of the last rehearsal—the name of Pen Paget added to the white flashes of the Street of the White Lights; and a new stage heroine, all white, a cloistered heroine of old romance, for a change, upon Broadway. A real novelty—a seven days' wonder that caught the eyes of the Big Town.

The eyes of men especially. Men! Men! Men! They stormed the place, lurked at the ugly rear entrance, beat against the bare brick walls—savage, beside themselves, as Quareme had so well seen, with man's eternal desire for the white thing which he must possess and is forbidden to touch.

II.

IT was at this time that this second man—that Aucassin of Ashburnham—appeared. For there was this crazy boy who came in from somewhere in the country or the suburbs, wild about the girl, apparently. He had bought a box—permanently, it seemed. And sat there, night after night, watching, applauding, trying to catch the eye of Nicolette—gone mad, as they do every now and then, over some actress on Broadway. And not knowing who he was, they gave him finally that nickname—Aucassin of Ashburnham.

They had shown Pen Paget just one letter of his, as a curiosity. For that was another freak requirement of Quareme, it appeared, in his staging her. She must see no letters, or even press notices, from the very first. But this one letter that they did let her see was a curiosity, as it raved on about how he must see her, to tell her something she must know, for her own good!

"The crazy kid," said Pen Paget, as she put it down, and forgot all about its alleged warning. And it was just after this that Quareme asked her one evening, in a casual, offhand way, if she knew anything about the investment of money.

She laughed, just to hear the question, thinking how much money she had had for investment in the past!

"And yet you have more than a little in my hands now," he told her.

"Have I?" she said.

"I shall then ask Murkinson if he will invest it for you," said Quareme, as if the thought had just occurred to him.

"That'll be fine," she said, without thinking at the time.

So in a day or two he told her the great speculator had finally consented to invest her money for her—or, rather, to tell her how.

"For, you see, Murkinson, my dear," he explained to her in the fatherly way he had taken with her now, "always is compelled to keep away from sight, even more than I am making you now do. Where there are a thousand that we have made curious to see you, there are ten thousand that are watching him day and night with keenest interest, and for this good reason—to learn what stocks he buys and sells, so they can do as he does in the stock market, and make the money he makes there. For the stock market, after all, is just a game of follow the leader, as you shall see."

"Is it?" said Pen Paget, trying to look intelligent.

"AND he could hardly be expected," said Quareme, going on now to that matter of the sealed envelopes, "to take the trouble of himself investing your money or advising you personally, with his own great business cares upon him. But if you desire to do this—if you wish to take a letter of introduction to a stock broker—that he knows—he will every now and then mail to you his advice on what to buy, sealed in a separate envelope and unsigned, which you will then deliver to the broker. Is that agreeable to you?"

"I should say it was," said Pen Paget, excited. For, though she knew absolutely nothing about the buying and selling of stocks, she did know enough to understand what it would mean if she had her money invested for her in stocks by John Murkinson, the greatest stock speculator in the country.

"And—oh, yes!" Quareme went on then, as if he had almost forgotten it. "There is one condition—one thing only that he insisted that you must do in this—to protect him, to keep his information secret. When you shall receive these sealed envelopes—these orders to buy and sell stock—you must never, never use the telephone to send them, for clear reasons. You are not even to open the envelopes—to know yourself what he advises for you. You must simply take it and deliver it personally, yourself, to be opened first by the stock broker. Another time, you see," said Quareme, smiling his white smile again, "of doing what the expert says—and no questions asked!"

"What questions could I ask," said Pen

"I HAVE made now not a few famous women," he said slowly, "all out of nothing. But always strictly upon my own terms."

Paget, "about stocks and bonds, if I wanted to?"

"Then you'll do it?" he said, with his smooth, crafty smile.

"Do I look as if I would refuse?" she said, rich in her mind already.

"Good. You do wisely!" he told her.

SO it was not long after that when her first sealed envelope arrived, and she took it personally to the stock broker's office—a strange kind of place where the stock speculators sat smoking before a great lined and different colored board, and gathered around a clicking, glass-covered telegraph instrument, staring like superstitious heathens, gazing to see the future in a crystal ball. And after that she was in there with her envelopes perhaps once a week. And it seemed, after a little, as if the speculators around the crystal ball must have recognized her. For they seemed to turn and whisper as she went out.

She was excited over the whole thing, naturally, as the weeks went on, especially as things started going her way almost from the first. And she was getting rich already from those investments, those stocks that great speculator had bet on for her in the stock market.

All this time she had thought practically not at all of that second man—that Aucassin of Ashburnham—except to know that he still watched her from his box. But now she got his second message—in a bouquet of flowers that he managed to slip over the footlights to her; and in it this card, with not even his name, but just these few words in an excited scrawl:

> For God's sake, Nicolette, if you will not hear my warning, at least find out for yourself what that gray, crafty beast did to the other woman in that same house.

"The other woman! In that same house! He's crazy!" she said to herself—and she tore up the card. And yet she kept thinking—her questions focusing on that dead woman now—the wife of that speculator—after she read that crazy note. But she kept to her agreement with Quareme; she asked no questions literally.

And it was only by accident—the chance remark of a superstitious servant—that Pen Paget learned at last how the other woman had died—a suicide in the bed chamber that she herself now used.

"A suicide!" said Pen Paget to herself, with a jump, wondering for the first time if that crazy boy did really know something she should know about.

And she woke up one morning and found another note, written in the same scrawl as the first warning in her bouquet of flowers, lying on the floor beneath her bedroom window.

> Nicolette—watch for me. Let me show you. Before that great hungry devil ruins you—as he did her! You and a thousand others!

Her heart stopped when she read the thing. He had gone—from his box in the theater—that crazy, good-looking boy, just after sending the first note. No one knew where! And now evidently he was here—watching her—throwing notes in her window. "Look out for me!" Where? Here? "Ruined! With a thousand others!" The man must be out of his mind—on the face of it!

She was growing rich now—or so they said—rich as well as famous. February had come, and March. And Aucassin and Nicolette was growing stronger and stronger. And the prices in the stock market were going up—up—up! Especially the Murkinson stocks—as they were called—the stocks, it seemed, that Pen Paget had bought or bet on. And all the stock speculators were buying and betting on the same stocks she was, sending their value up millions of dollars every day. And the crystal gazers in the stock broker's where she went with her sealed envelopes stared at her now until she hated to go in.

III.

BUT by this time she didn't know what was crazy or who. She even thought at times it must be herself. For now it seemed to her even that advertising stunt of Quareme's of keep-

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ing her practically a prisoner was being pushed in a peculiar way. For that stage mother never left her all day long. And nights now there was something new—a night watchman around the place—on the excuse that there had been robberies in the neighborhood.

Then she thought she certainly must be crazy! For it was that Aucassin of Ashburnham, coming up to her out of the dark, whispering:

"Don't call! I've fooled them. I'm here—I've got this job as night watchman to save you!"

"Save me! From what?" said Pen Paget, motionless.

"That sweet game that shark is playing with you—in the stock market!"

"Game! Stock market!" she whispered hoarsely.

"LISTEN," said the night watchman. "Before we may be interrupted—have you one of those sealed envelopes that you take to the brokers in the house now?"

"Yes," said Pen Paget.

"Do this, then," he hurried on. "Just steam it open—carefully, so you can see for yourself what's inside. Then if you're satisfied, you can reseal and use it. But if not—and you don't understand, let me see if I can't help you. I'll be watching here every night," he said—and moved away. For the porch door opened. Mrs. Hard was letting out two of the small dogs.

"The sealed envelopes," Pen Paget thought to herself. Why hadn't she opened one before? And yet why should she? What did she know of stocks and bonds?

She knew nothing, she saw now, when she did get the envelope open. All there was inside was three or four strips of paper saying buy two hundred—three hundred—five hundred of SZ or XY or YX—various initials scrawled out with a coarse blue pencil, and unsigned—all about as clear to her as Chinese!

And so at two that next morning, when she was back from the city, she was stealing out again upon the side piazza, more or less scared but with her mind made up finally to take any chance there was to clear up this thing.

It was dark and damp outside—the damp, depressing chill of early morning. And Pen Paget stopped smiling when she saw the black figure of the night watchman coming—wondering after all if the man was all right in his mind. But she passed him the slips of paper to translate. And she could see his dark head move up and down as he read.

"Orders to buy stocks," he whispered. "In this game with you."

"Game! With me!" she whispered, shrilly.

"With you as a decoy."

"A decoy?" she said, clutching his sleeve. "Of whom? Of what?"

"Will you let me show you how to find out?"

"Yes. Yes. How?"

"Just do the exact opposite of what they tell you to, and see what happens."

So she listened obediently to what he told her to do, and let him have one of the stock market slips. And he told her where she would find what he would have for her in the morning—and started then to go.

She caught him by the sleeve. "Just one thing—one question only!" she whispered, "That other woman! Was she his decoy, too?"

"Yes."

"Did—did that have anything to do—with her killing herself?"

"Yes," he told her. "It did. But don't worry. If you do exactly as we've planned this, it will be somebody else that will worry."

So Pen Paget dragged herself back through that dark, still house, into her high-curtained room; and lay there until dawn, stiffening and stopping breathing at every sound.

Then, in the morning, she started out to do what that pretended watchman had told her to; and found that new slip to the brokers—that scrawl he had left in imitation of Murkinson's orders, which said:

"Sell everything!"

She resealed this in her envelope, as she had been directed, and took it to her stock broker, as usual. Then, after delivering it, she sat and waited, to get a statement and check for the money—the profits she had made in her stock speculations—now that her stocks were all sold. And before that came, even, she had noticed the excitement, and heard the sharp whispers of those crystal gazers around the stock ticker:

"They're off! They're selling! Somebody's selling the Murkinson's stocks!"

And just then the smooth-spoken, smooth-mannered broker came over and held out a slip of paper—the check for the money they owed her. And she saw his hand was trembling.

"Two hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars!" Pen Paget read, taking the paper—her own hands trembling now!

"Two hundred and thirty-six thousand! Two hundred and thirty-six thousand!" she kept saying over to herself—as she drove back home. She was rich—rich—rich! In just these few months.

And then, thinking of Quareme, a new fear, a new question struck her. She was rich and famous. And these two men—Quareme and Murkinson—had made her, in eight months' time—by their power, their manipulation of the great intrigues of the Big Town—and now, without knowledge, without proof, at the advice of a boy, a stranger—she had broken through their plans—very likely hurt them seriously—simply because she had been scared wild in that house—and had been forbidden to mix in and ask questions—about matters which she probably would never have understood anyway. She was half sick when she got back to the new house—with that fortune on her crushed slip of paper.

"A telephone for madame—to call Mr. Murkinson at once!" said the parlor maid at the door of the old house.

From Murkinson! Pen Paget went in, white with fear!

She came out, three minutes later, white with anger—closing the telephone, after the first outbursts. For what he had said to her was unbelievable—unbearable! She ran outside—out of the house of the man—a creature who could say such things!

Outside, as she came, she saw the supposed night watchman, standing bareheaded in the sun—young—straight-eyed, clean, everything that that beast was not. She ran toward him.

"Who was she—that woman—who killed herself here? What was she to Murkinson?" she asked, catching at him—asking him that question she had to ask at once, after what that unspeakable beast had said upon the telephone.

For she began to see now, dimly, what they had done to her.

IV.

SO he told her—both standing there in the yellow spring sun, the story of that great game of the Big Town she had been caught in. How the stock speculators watched continually, in most elaborate ways, for tips on the market. And especially to find out what the greatest speculators, like Murkinson, are buying or selling.

"Watching their servants—their employees—their friends—especially their women friends, like that——"

"That woman who killed herself!" said Pen Paget's harsh voice, when he stopped.

"Well," he said, "suppose some time by chance the great speculator should find out that a woman was giving out his secrets to other speculators. And simply lie to her—tell her the exact opposite of the truth. And then—relying on her information—that she and the others lost all their money. That she ruined herself and them—and the one particular man she most cared to help—so that in the end the woman, desperate, killed herself!

"And then suppose this great speculator—always casting around, like his kind, for some new trick—suppose he had thought to make him a decoy for use in a really wholesale way—of the best known, most talked of woman in New York! To start rumors that would bring in and trick thousands out of their money in the Wall Street game!

"Where would he go—for that woman—if not to Broadway? If not to Quareme?"

She spoke now—breaking hoarsely from this nightmare!

"But I—I never even saw that—that Murkinson in all my life!" she said.

"I KNOW that—all the servants knew that when I came here," he told her. "That puzzled me myself, until I finally saw what it must be! For that is where Quareme came in, it seems. To get just the instrument that the other man wanted for this game—after his other experience: A woman entirely unlike what women of that kind usually are—vain, talkative—too easy to get acquainted with, altogether. And too wise! He wanted, in other words, like tricksters often do, something which he could be sure would never double-cross him. He wanted—what Quareme got him—innocence—ignorance. A perfectly white sheet of paper to write on!"

"Oh!" said Pen Paget, faintly.

"And who would furnish it—if not Quareme, his old friend! The maker of stage women—for years—to order."

"And no questions asked!" said Pen Paget dully, and swayed a little.

He caught her, steadying her—as she went on to speak—to dispute him, in this incredible, this horrible thing he was telling her—about herself.

"But I never spoke to anyone in my life—about stocks! How could I?"

"Why would you have to? That envelope—that secret sealed envelope," he reminded her. "How much better that was, when once opened by the broker, to start a secret whisper—to his friends and their close friends—a chain of whispers across that greatest whispering gallery of the world—the stock market and the banks of New York."

"But—but," she stumbled on hoarsely—hoping always to prove him wrong, "who would know—how could so many hear that lie—that vile, hideous lie about me?"

"You forget the other whispering gallery," he reminded her, "which you must know—about the women of the stage! And there, of course, came in the fine work of Quareme's man—your press agent!"

"Do men—men do such things?" she asked finally.

"What won't men do—for high enough stakes?"

She stared at him.

"And that is why," he said, "we have hit

him so hard—for so many millions—in this biggest of his tricks. Selling out stocks, before he did—double-crossing the double-crosser—making you rich!"

"But I don't want——" said Pen Paget—and choked.

"Don't take it so hard," he said—trying to comfort her. "You are entirely free from him now. You're rich—famous!"

"Rich! Famous!" she said, with a motion of washing her hands. "No! I'm one thing only—forever now! To all the world. I am John Murkinson's mistress—the most notorious woman in New York! Oh, where can I hide myself?"

THE ex-night watchman caught her shoulders, steadying her.

"That'll be too simple. The simplest thing on earth!" he told her. "Why not let me take you to my mother—for now?" asked Aucassin of Ashburnham. "I've had my roadster sent down here, for use in just such an emergency," he said, with another friendly, reassuring grin. "So go and get a wrap."

"Never. I can't," said Pen Paget, staring back of her, to that house. "I can't go back there. Nor touch a thing that——"

"Come on, then," he said. "I have a raincoat in the car!"

And he stooped down then and picked up a crumpled paper.

"And we don't want to forget this. You will want to have a few dollars—out of the ghastly wreckage of that great crook's sweet game!" he said; and he handed her the crumpled check for her winnings in the stock market.

And a great peace came over her, for the first time in months, as they drove along into the green, quiet country, leaving the excitements and the intrigues of the Big Town farther and farther behind them.

Yet that was a day of unusual excitement in the Big Town—of two separate happenings big enough to arouse a full two days' notice. On Wall Street—the street of wildly shifting fortunes—came the mysterious end of the great rise in the stock market—the crash in the so-called Murkinson stocks—that sent the whole great wheel spinning down again. Millions lost in an hour—ten millions in a day! With that big plunger Murkinson, they claimed, buried underneath the avalanche—caught at the top of his own boom, with all his stocks unsold. And for a curious reason—everybody selling out to him because of a rumor that Murkinson himself had been selling. "A rumor!" said the insiders in the brokers' offices, smiling at the whispers going around now in that whispering gallery.

For, in the Street of the White Lights, that Nicolette, that young actress, Quareme's last success, had gone, suddenly, with another man, they said—and smiled. And wondered when she never appeared again upon the stage—dropped out from Broadway and the Big Town as absolutely as if she had died, with all her winnings. For she had sold out all her stocks, the story went, cashed in a small fortune, before the slump in the market came. And why, then, should she disappear?

Even Quareme himself was in the dark at first, absolutely so that next day when he had his first telephone from Murkinson.

"That girl of yours," he raved on, over the telephone, "she's cost me not less than two millions. She's almost broke me. Where is she? Where can I get to her?"

"Who knows?" said Quareme finally. "She has simply disappeared from Broadway. I have no more idea where than you have."

"I'll get her yet. I'll pay her out for this—when I find her!"

"Yes," said Quareme, in his stagy, foreign voice. "But how—where will you find her? I don't know myself. She was an illusion—a trick of the stage. I made her. She disappears. Where? Who knows? If she cares to keep away from Broadway! Who would know her out of costume? Who would know even her real name—the real name of half the actresses on Broadway? Not I, at least!"

Then he shut down the telephone receiver—and laughed and laughed. For he was, after all, a great artist. And not so terribly hard hit himself in the stock market—and if his play and heroine were gone—he would now have once more the thrill of making new ones.

So for a minute he took up and gazed at the full-length photograph he had upon his desk of that last stage illusion he had made. Then, picking up his little blue and white book again, he read in his affected foreign voice—as a kind of funeral service for his dream—the last full stanza of that poem he had made Nicolette of Broadway by:

Her lover lay in evil plight
(So many lovers yet abide!)
I would my tongue could praise aright
Her name, that should be glorified.
Those lovers now, whom foes divide
A little weep—and soon forget.
How far from these faint lovers glide
The fair white feet of Nicolette.

"FAR, far," said Adolphe Quareme, and laughed—"from Broadway. With a quarter of a million spending money and Aucassin of Ashburnham."

And then he took the photograph of his last stage heroine and carried it and laid it in a drawer in a dark carved chest beside the wall which already held a number of full-length pictures of other costumed women.

"Good-by. Good luck, my Nicolette," he said.

And it was only by a chance meeting—in southern France, where, it seemed, they lived—that he saw again his Nicolette of Broadway that was and her husband, that crazy boy they had called Aucassin of Ashburnham. And then he understood, at last, the turning of John Murkinson's great trap against himself.

For the boy's name was the name of a family for long years prominent in the stock market—who would know all its turns and traps and intrigues and gigantic whispers. But the boy, as often happens, didn't take to Wall Street—having artistic instead of business ideas—preferring to paint rather than sell stock.

He lives, it seems, in southern France—as rich Americans of that kind quite often do—with all kinds of money, and servants, and pleasures. And a wife—a very beautiful wife—who, they say, has one peculiarity. She has never been known to go into a theater.

THE END

"Orders to buy stocks," he whispered. "In this game with you as a decoy. Just do the exact opposite of what they tell you to, and see what happens."

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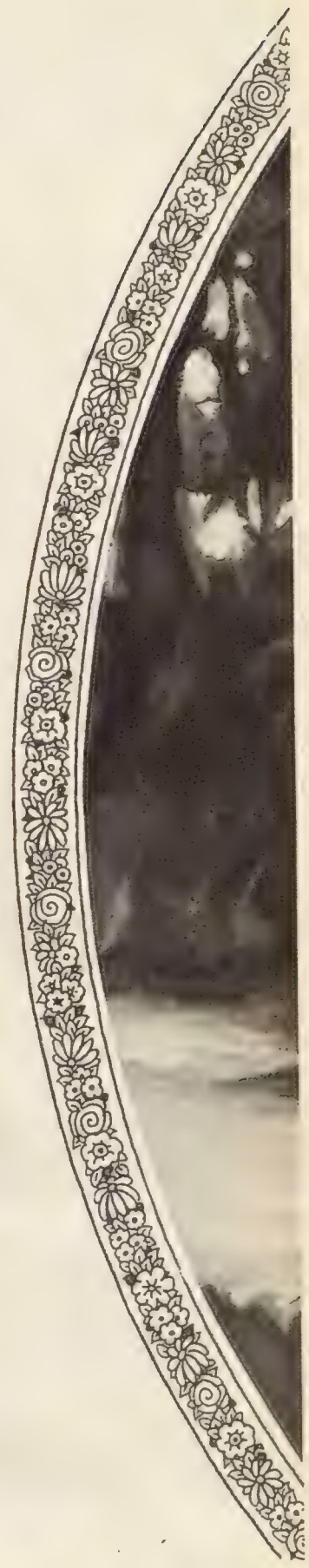

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Occasional friends, having learned of my pitiful yearning for rubber bands, have sent me quantities of them as a charity, and I have gloated over them as a farmer's lad gloats over a can full of fish worms.

But when I have reveled them all away in an orgy of recklessness the famine comes again and I go about pecking everywhere for some tiny shredded remnant that has lost its elasticity and oozes apart at the slightest strain on its departed resilience.

But as for buying rubber bands—no! There is a ratchet or something in my soul that forbids it to run freely. It is not because I am a miser in general. I spend money foolishly with ease and save it with intense difficulty. I love papers, desk devices, new schemes in pen and pencil engineering, filing tricks, and when I go to a stationery shop I am a drunken sailor ashore.

But when I reach the rubber band section I shut up like a turtle.

Everybody else I know has some personal quirk of the same sort—a kind of blind spot, a color blindness, a superstition, or a taboo. As one savage will never eat dog meat and another will never eat any other sort, so each individual has an idiosyncrasy against some particular food, color, odor, sound — and investment.

What is yours?

A woman I am proud to know has led a life of the most devoted self-sacrifice for others. She has traveled across the continent to visit a lonely sister. Yet she has always been tormented with a yearning amounting to a craving for a pair of twenty-five-cent tweezers and has never been able to rise to the prodigality. As a result, she spends most of her time bewailing her perpetual state of fractured finger nails.

The game of golf has exposed many a soul to itself and its neighbors. Placid and innocent people dig out of their archives unexpected gifts of temper and unsuspected objurgations. Rich and liberal people become extraordinarily stingy.

A man whose boast at the office is that his time is worth five dollars a minute and who feels that he has been sandbagged and robbed if he is delayed ten seconds at the telephone or the elevator will squander a fortune of time and energy in looking for a lost golf ball or trying to get one more round out of a lump of shapelessness that looks as if it had been pried out of the fangs of a wolf and is as dead as an old piece of cheese.

My brother used to play golf with a trillionaire who would think no more of tossing a billion to a university or a charity than of snapping a fly off his glistening dome. But he would miserably waste enough time to bankrupt a bank while he helped his caddie poke in the weeds for a hand-me-down pill. If it were not returned he would mourn its loss for hours and dock the caddie's pay.

In the good old times when caddies charged only a quarter for nine holes he once refused to pay the young bag-dragger a cent for his time and travel because he came in a ball short. That night the boy's father called at the mansion and demanded his son's quarter or somebody's life.

The butler made three vain trips before he came back with the word that the master had remembered that the ball was an old one and he would settle the case out of court by paying the boy fifteen cents. This same man, whose generosity is colossal, plays golf with remade and repainted golf balls and makes a festival of a new one.

Another millionaire I know always plays the whitest ball near him, whether it is his own or not.

How many men think nothing of leaving their offices, limousining out into the country, putting on curious panties and stockings like cross-word puzzles and shoes with bangs combed down over the insteps—all at an appalling cost—and then suffering over an injured or misguided golf ball as if it were the Kohinoor diamond or the lost moonstone out of the eye of a Hindu idol?

In the matter of postage stamps there is probably more waste of energy and more wasteful economy than in any other field. Postage stamp saving is an almost universal pet. Why do people treat a two-cent stamp as if it cost ten dollars? Is it because when you need one nothing else will take its place?

Who is there that does not spend priceless moments of an all-too-brief existence and mental concentration enough to understand Einstein in silly speculation whether or not a letter requires another two-cent stamp?

ALMOST anybody will stand like an idiot and balance a letter in an outstretched palm, lifting it up and down as if it were one arm of a scale, and trying to remember how a four-cent letter would feel. Of course, nobody was ever able to weigh anything that way, but it seems to be inherent in human nature to keep on trying.

The usual upshot is that you decide to take a chance on one stamp, and the poor recipient has to climb a flight of stairs and search in his or her last winter's trousers for two pennies to satisfy the overdue postage.

This last Christmas I received two magnificent gold and purple cards from the same beautiful lady. On each of them was one of those overdue or underdone postage stamps which the recipient pays for. Doubtless all of her friends were similarly favored, and her expensive Merry Yuletide greetings must have been greeted with a Merry Helltide!—all along the line.

Which reminds me, in passing, that we all have our pet economies of energy as well as money. I, for instance, will walk blocks looking for a town-clock or a jeweler's window in an anguish of anxiety to know the time when I have a perfectly good watch in my pocket all the while. But the effort of lifting it out and looking at it just seems more than I can bear, though I may be swinging a five-pound cane in one hand and carrying a bundle of lead in the other.

Pets are apt to be petty, and the pettier

A Little Essay on Golf Balls, Stamps, Pins, Matches, and Human Nature

By Rupert Hughes

Pictures by RAY ROHN

the economy the more it is apt to be a pet. The picking up of pins has been sanctified into a matter of luck, and people who might otherwise be extravagant enough to pass a rusty pin will risk the breaking of far more expensive fastenings in order to salvage one from the sidewalk.

The tendency to save matches and prolong their lives has brought on many a blistered thumb, and it is said to have been the match-makers who started the superstition that it is disastrous to light three cigarettes from the same stick.

The buying of matches seems to hurt some people as much as the buying of cigars or cigarettes. Those clever managers who used to go through life always drinking without ever buying, now that drinks are not to be had, devote themselves to the sport of living on borrowed tobacco.

LIKE the inhabitants of the famous island who earned a precarious existence by taking in each other's washing, these economists keep themselves smoking by puffing each other's cigarettes.

Many housewives who prided themselves on the modesty of their budgets used to make—perhaps still make—hundreds of twisted squills from old newspapers. By carrying one of these to a fireplace or holding it over a lamp one could save the cost of a match, while risking the burning of the house and the setting of one's clothes on fire.

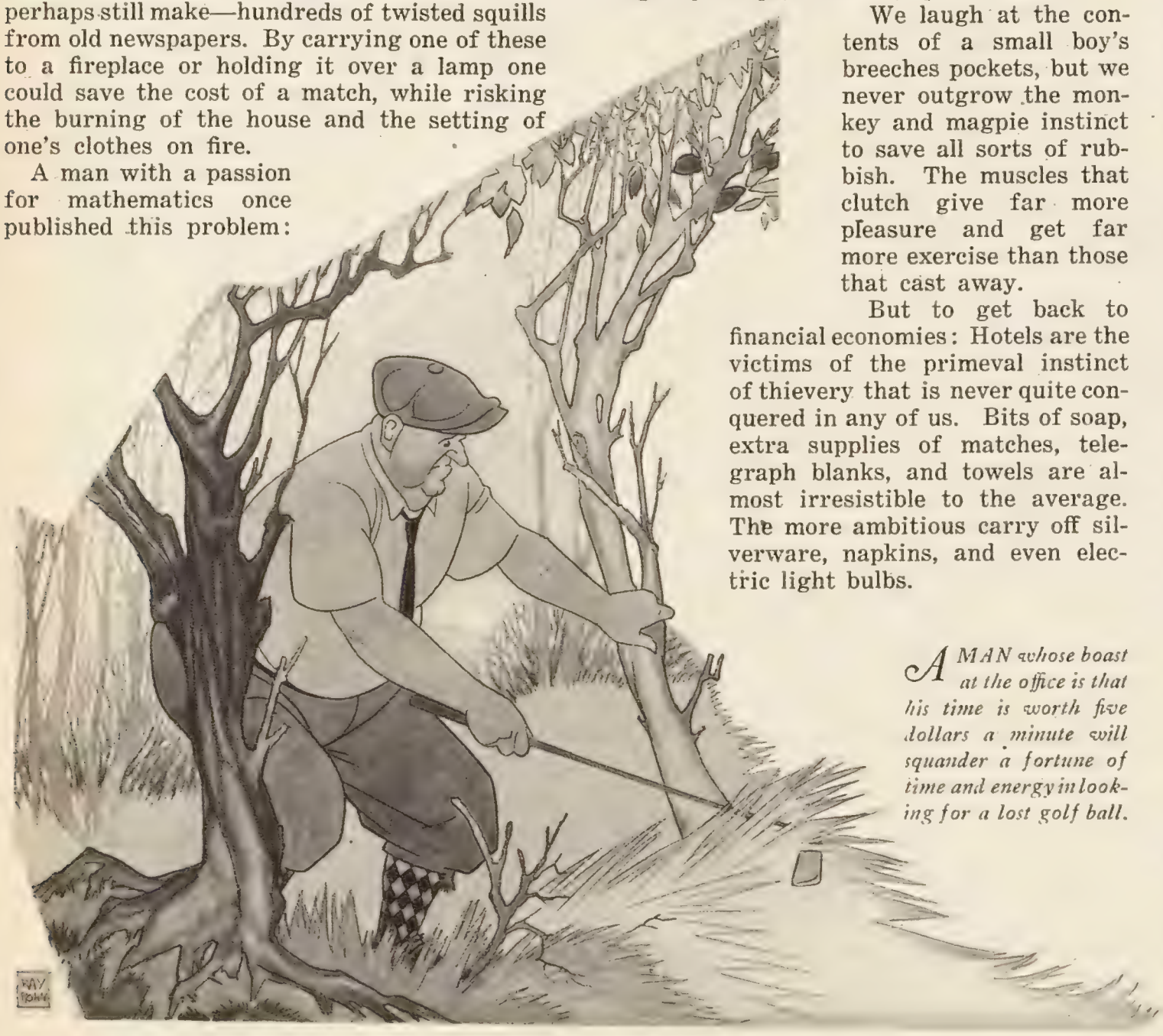
A man with a passion for mathematics once published this problem: If a woman can in two hours make one hundred paper lamp-lighters, and one hundred matches cost one cent, at what price per day does the woman rate her wage-value?

But the steam radiator and the electric bulb have robbed the good old home-keeping woman of one more occupation.

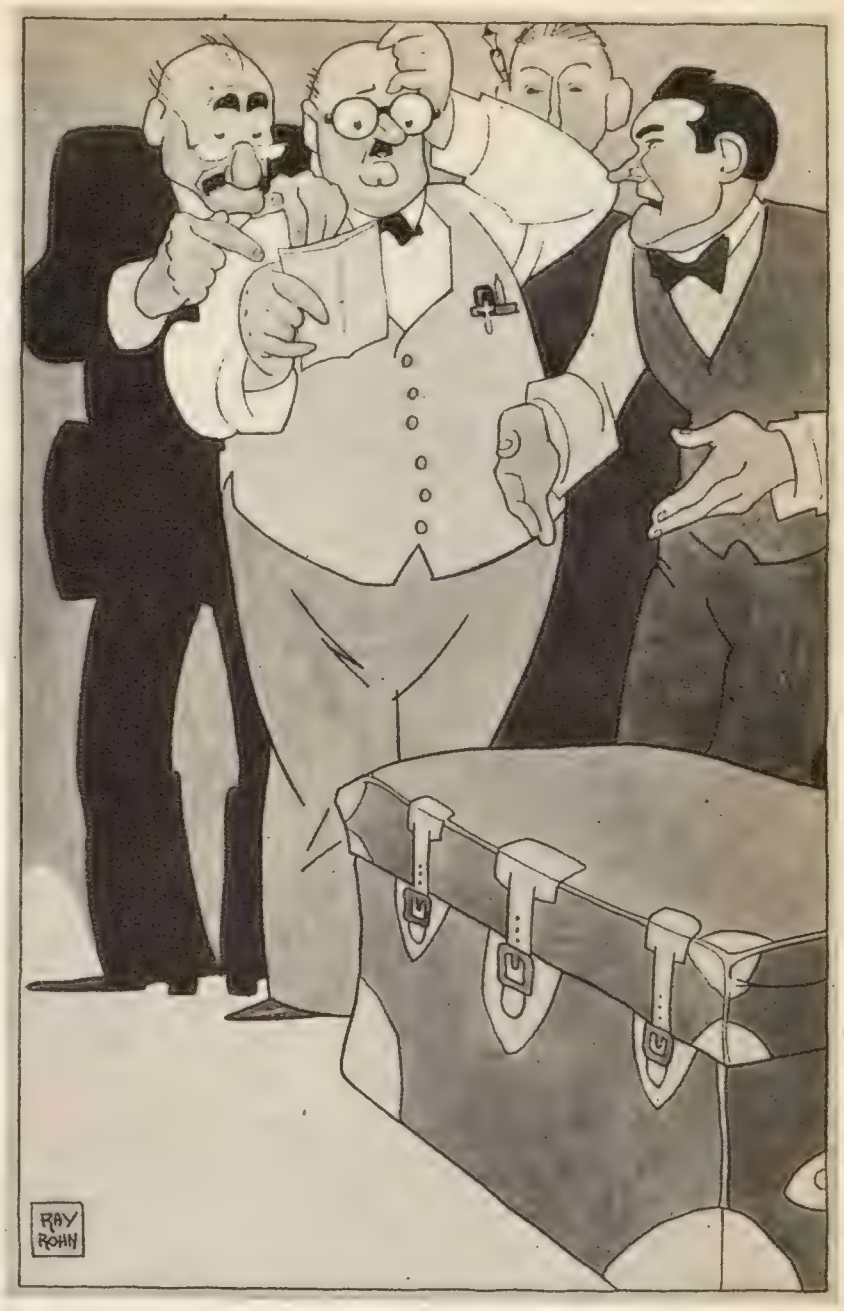
THE steam laundry has robbed her of the sweaty and simple sport of doing the family washing. But it has laid the men folk liable to a new folly of economy. Shirts now come home as full of pins as a shad is of bones, or decorated with cheap buttons made of pewter, celluloid, or compressed chewing gum. A cautious business man finds it almost impossible to cast away these picayune gems, and I know one eminent editor who saves all that come his way. Though he wallows in wealth, he finds it impossible to buy collar buttons, except when his wife raids what she calls his "jewel box" and empties it in the waste basket. She recently found there two old gas jet tips, carefully preserved!

We laugh at the contents of a small boy's breeches pockets, but we never outgrow the monkey and magpie instinct to save all sorts of rubbish. The muscles that clutch give far more pleasure and get far more exercise than those that cast away.

But to get back to financial economies: Hotels are the victims of the primeval instinct of thievery that is never quite conquered in any of us. Bits of soap, extra supplies of matches, telegraph blanks, and towels are almost irresistible to the average. The more ambitious carry off silverware, napkins, and even electric light bulbs.



A MAN whose boast at the office is that his time is worth five dollars a minute will squander a fortune of time and energy in looking for a lost golf ball.



THE bewildered laundryman noted the Milwaukee postmark on the Kansas City hotel envelope and the Denver hotel letterhead inside.

But stationery gets nearly everybody. I know one famous actress who is a proverb among her friends for the odds and ends of writing paper she uses. She is exceedingly generous and lives in a luxury that she shares without stint. But writing paper of her own seems to be outside her possible.

I got a letter from her once in an envelope of the Hotel Beanbake of Boston. The postmark said Chicago, and the letterhead inside was from the Hotel Creole in New Orleans. She invited me to dine with her, and I spent an hour figuring where to send a statement that even I could not be in three places so far distant at once. Then I noted that the dinner was to take place in her home in New York.

THE habit lost her enough money once to have supplied her with vellum for life. She expressed a large hamper of her theatrical wardrobe to a New York laundry with a letter ordering it sent to her in a hurry. The bewildered laundryman noted the Milwaukee postmark on the Kansas City hotel envelope and the Denver hotel letterhead inside. He was so confused that he did not note her statement that the laundry was to be sent to her New York address. After a conference with his whole staff, he shipped the things to Denver.

The actress, who required them for an opening in Newark, had to improvise a wardrobe at the last moment and have a new one made, as it took three months to get her laundry back from the Denver hotel.

But I note that the latest invitation she sent me to attend a performance of her new play is written on letter paper from Savannah, inclosed in a Seattle hotel envelope, and post-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Williams
the unvarying
shaving cream

WHETHER you buy it in Dallas or Denver, the Portlands or Paris, New York or Nagasaki, summer or winter, you get from Williams Shaving Cream the same dependable *shaving* lather.

Everywhere and with all kinds of water, you benefit by the same five qualities in this shaving lather:

1. Bulk—Williams piles up thickly.
2. Wetness—Williams is still moist at the end of the shave.
3. Oil-emulsifying power—Williams removes the oil-film from the beard *at once.*
4. Mildness—Williams not only prepares the skin for the shave, but gives it what amounts to a treatment as well.
5. Quickness—Williams efficiency gives speed with comfort.

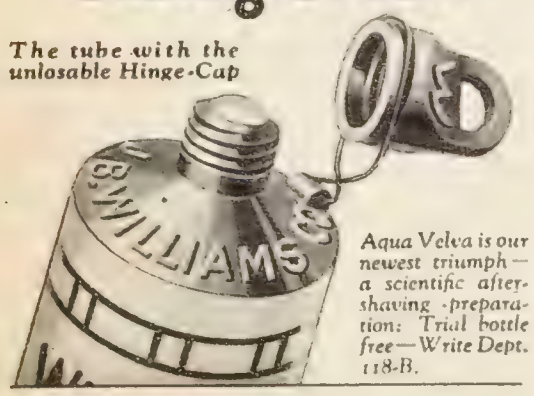
Williams is the pure, white, uncolored shaving cream. It is made by shaving soap specialists. Its lather is for the *skin* as well as for the *beard.*

Let us send you free a trial tube of Williams, enough for a week's shaving. Use a postcard.

Address The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 118-B, Glastonbury, Conn. *If you live in Canada, address* The J. B. Williams Co., (Canada) Ltd., St. Patrick St., Montreal.

Williams
Shaving Cream

The tube with the unlosable Hinge-Cap



Aqua Velva is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving preparation: Trial bottle free—Write Dept. 118-B.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

marked Pittsburgh. If I had not read in the papers that she was opening on Broadway I should have been wondering three ways for Sunday.

Those of us who cast up our hands in horror at such an eccentricity have doubtless others of our own no less ridiculous. There is one form of miserliness that practically everybody has—wrapping paper. For a few dollars a year every household could be supplied with a great roll of paper and twine enough to girdle the globe.

Yet everybody saves old pieces of knotted string in fragments always too short; and old boxes whose lids are always broken; and old sheets of crumpled wrapping paper that never quite reach around the things we want to tie up.

GROTESQUE scenes ensue as we patch and fold and fumble and knot rope with thread to make up bundles that nobody would dare to carry in the daylight and a man would be arrested for carrying at night. Then, having saved a penn'orth of paper and string, we hire some poor messenger boy with no reputation to lose. We pay the company a quarter and tip the boy a dime. The bundle breaks and the contents arrive, if at all, in a state requiring a trip to the cleaners. "Thrift, thrift, Horatio!"

I am told that almost all women reveal a grim determination to make every hair net outwear itself. Nothing is more frail, and few things more cheap. Yet the average woman who still has enough hair to net will keep her escort fuming while she spends thirty minutes trying to piece together a torn fifteen-cent mesh.

Every woman has her own foible. I know one charming and not at all parsimonious lady who sleeps in bed jackets, but will never buy herself one. She watches like a hawk the gradual wearing out of her husband's pajama coats, and when one reaches such a state of tatters that he is afraid to sleep in it for fear he will fall through she rescues it from the ragbag and patches it up for herself. She is equally miserly about the nature of the patches, and if a doctor is called he finds her in a crazy quilt.

She is a voracious reader and breaks the news-stand man's heart by carefully examining all his wares before she decides to buy one magazine or more.

She hates to pay speculators for theater tickets, as most people do. Like many others, she will spend hours of telephoning, and traveling about from box-office to box-office in taxicabs, ending up finally at some theater where a failure is dying out, or returning to the speculators and paying a still higher price for worse seats than she could have had before she started out on her mad foray.

The penny-wisdom and pound-folly of most pet economies is their most characteristic feature. They never really save anybody anything.

The friend of mine who paid ten cents carfare to save three cents on a pound of butter is named Mrs. Legion. There are millions of her.

The development of the day and night letter telegram has rendered obsolete one universal economy. In those days a busy man would spend an hour condensing an important message into ten words. When it arrived the recipient would spend an hour trying to decode it. All he would get out of it would be a headache. He would, therefore, spend another hour writing ten cryptic words asking what the telegram was all about. He would wire this and probably get an answer saying, "Too late" or "Am writing."

I have known men to take an all-night railroad journey to discuss matters that two two-dollar telegrams would have sufficiently cleared up.

Few people waste more money than keen business men, and I suppose that nothing except the World War has ever cost industry so many staggering losses as the installation of money-saving efficiency systems.

The more reckless we are in our extravagances the more ruthless we are in our retrenchments.

I know a lady, far from any avaricious taint, who buys the most delicate silk stockings at the most robust of prices, and then finds so heinous the prices the laundries charge that she washes them out herself; then makes a trip to a beauty shoppe — (why is beauty always sold in a shoppe?)—to have her hands laundered.

I know a gentleman who is something of a fop in everything but handkerchiefs. He cannot endure the high prices of linen and buys his nose towels at a drug store.

A WEALTHY man of my acquaintance gives his grandchildren thousand-dollar gifts and then scolds them for being unwilling to play tennis with balls that have lost their bounce.

He receives from his grateful relations gold cuff-links and platinum watch chains, and leaves them in hiding while he wears cuff-links he buys for a dime; and he swings his expensive watch from a shoestring. Yet he wears a large diamond in his neckscarf!

The Mexican who spends a hundred dollars on his hat and goes barefoot differs from all of us only in degree.

We ruin not only our appearance but our hospitality by acts of restraint at the wrong moment—what the poet bewailed as "so little gone and so much away."

People of warmest philanthropy stop just a little short of the full measure and turn gratitude to contempt. I knew a rich bachelor who loved to take groups of more or less shabby friends to a gorgeous dinner, a theater party in boxes, and a supper afterward. By the time they reached the supper table he always began to weaken, and he would wreck the whole evening by saying, "The rest of you have what you like; I feel like something very simple." We, having drained his hospitality, would growl, "The dirty miser!" and feel ashamed of honoring him with our company.

Taxicabs are growing so cheap and so ubiquitous nowadays that thousands ride who would have walked or taken a street car before. Yet we sit and wonder if we can reach our destination before another dime drops on the meter with more excitement than if we watched a baby teetering on a window ledge ten stories up.

An overcharge throws us into apoplexy, and most of us would rather risk pneumonia on a bad night than pay the cab driver a little extra for risking it himself.

POSTPONING visits to the doctor is one of mankind's falsest economies. The sane and saving time to call on a doctor is before you have to call him in. But nobody goes to his physician until it is a choice between him and the undertaker.

Ridding one's self of old medicines is one of the severest strains on the human character. Pill-boxes of whose contents nothing is known except that they are "to be taken as directed" are harder to throw away than pearls. Curiously tinted bottles full of cloudy and ominous mixtures, often with a skull and crossbones on the label, are kept till they either explode or fall off the shelf and eat their way through the tiles.

In my boyhood town there was an old man with a large family, including an old horse. He—the man—came across an ancient pill box containing one lone, mysterious pellet whose size plainly took it back to the heroic days when doctors fed their patients on globules just small enough to be got through the gullet with a glass of water and three or four gulps.

The old gentleman could not bear to throw this young cannon ball away, but he could not persuade any of his stalwart children to take it to save it.

His own throat was by now a trifle small for it, so he smuggled it into his unsuspecting old horse.

The poor nag kicked away eighteen dollars' worth of stall before he turned upside down and died. It cost eight dollars to get him to the glue factory, which declined him with thanks. After that the family walked.

So it goes with most of our pet economies.

What is yours?

THE END

My Friend Admiral Fisher

An Intimate Portrait of the Great British Sea Dog, Drawn by His Favorite Dancing Partner—

Bradley Photo Studios

Mrs. Mary Allen Hulbert, of whom Admiral Fisher said: "The greatest friend I've had in years. I dance nearly always with her."

MARY ALLEN HULBERT

IN addition to Woodrow Wilson, Mary Allen Hulbert knew many other celebrities—famous men prominent in the world's affairs. Last December Liberty published a series of articles entitled THE WOODROW WILSON I KNEW, *by Mrs. Hulbert.*

During winters spent in Bermuda, Mrs. Hulbert, who is perhaps better known as Mrs. Peck, achieved a social position of distinction. She met, among others, Admiral and Lady Fisher; Sir Walter Kitchener, Governor of Bermuda; Lord Frederick Hamilton, Captain the Honorable Maurice Bourke, Mark Twain, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Rogers, and so on.

Mrs. Hulbert has now written an article about Lord Fisher, Britain's most colorful sailor and fighting Admiral.

Paul Thompson Photo

The late Admiral Sir John Arbuthnot Fisher, First Sea Lord of the British Admiralty—and, to the British public, "Jackie Fisher," "Hell-Fire Jack," and "The Yellow Peril."

LORD FISHER died just a few years ago at the age of seventy-nine, and in the eyes of the British, who worship no man more readily than a sea dog, he is already placed beside Nelson as one of the great and legendary heroes of the sea. The British called him affectionately "Jackie Fisher" and "Hell-Fire Jack." And some called him "The Yellow Peril," this sobriquet emanating from a strange legend about him that never would be hushed and of which I will tell all I know in the course of this article.

I met him in Bermuda in 1898, when he was Sir John Arbuthnot Fisher, Vice Admiral in command of the British North Atlantic Squadron. It was said that before the fleet sailed from England, thanks to many a string pulled by friends and relatives, the flower of England's youth in the navy flocked to his standard. "For he's the coming man, you see," they said.

International Photo

The late Queen Victoria of England. "Our Queen," Admiral Fisher told Mrs. Hulbert, "likes men who have faith in God."

The fleet had returned to Bermuda from cruising in the West Indies, with the Renown as flagship, and Admiral Fisher was "in residence" at Admiralty House. One left cards and there followed invitations, if one was properly accredited. England's court functions are repeated in her colonies, large and small. One sees the same state and ceremony, on a miniature stage, all interesting as a play, but not vital to a democratic person like myself.

Fisher said to me he was not "awfully keen on Americans" before he led the fleet to Bermuda.

"As a matter of fact," said Fisher, "I have not known many of them. My informal instructions were to be nice to them. Friendly relations, you know, to make you forgive and forget the Tea Party of 1776, and all that." Then, in shrewd and seeming naivete, "I'm not findin' it hard, you know.

"When they told me to be nice to Americans," he went on, "I said, 'Very well. There are three things I must have: a good cook, a fine band, and a perfect deck for dancin'.'"

They gave him all he demanded, plus a liberal allowance for "table."

WE had seen him in the offing in uniform, doing his duty as "England expects every man," etc. Moreover, doing even those things of routine with Fisher's own verve and dash. We met at Government House, and not long afterward there came an invitation to a ball at Admiralty House. Of course, I wore my smartest new frock (one of two new ones that winter), all soft old embroidered India muslin, "fine enough to be pulled through a ring." An inspired dressmaker had combined it with blue of the First Empire and crisp green of spring, with foaming, lacy sash. One feels her clothes chameleonlike and takes her social key from them sometimes.

The admiral ran true to form in this small matter. He saw only the most smartly clad women of the scene. Very human—Fisher. He liked success in things great and small. So, I having sailed into his horizon flying bright colors, we danced the winter through.

"The two best dawncers in the room, if I do say it!" he said once, at the end of a perfect waltz with me. And how he loved to waltz! In his Memories and Records he wrote:

"The best waltz tune in the world is one of Moody and Sankey's hymns. I don't know whether Sankey originated the saying that he didn't see why the Devil should have all the good music. I don't by that implicate that the waltz was the Devil's; but without any doubt when you get a good partner you cleave to her all the evening."

The admiral's smiling nod of appreciation

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

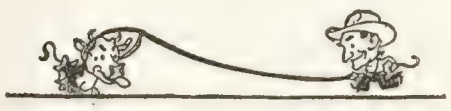
Proprietor MR. P. *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star and leading American Humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

If You Want to Look Like This. —Dont Smoke

You are going to be disappointed when you look at the face in this Advertisement, It will be such a shock from the type of Faces you always see in Advertisements. They generally get some Guys face to use in a Collar or Underwear Add that

looks like he was just born for that Add. You never see him in real life or anything that ever looked like him. These "Bull" Durham people conceived the idea of something new. They felt that you were tired looking at such handsome faces in Adds, it was so discouraging to men who looked at them because they knew they could never look like these fellows themselves. So they wanted a homely face that would be an inspiration to other homely



men, (because there is a terrible lot of hard looking Birds among you readers). So after looking the World over they picked on me. I dont smoke "Bull" Durham, so the Moral is IF YOU WILL SMOKE IT, YOU WILL NEVER LOOK LIKE ME. I am the horrible example of a man not using it.

Will Rogers

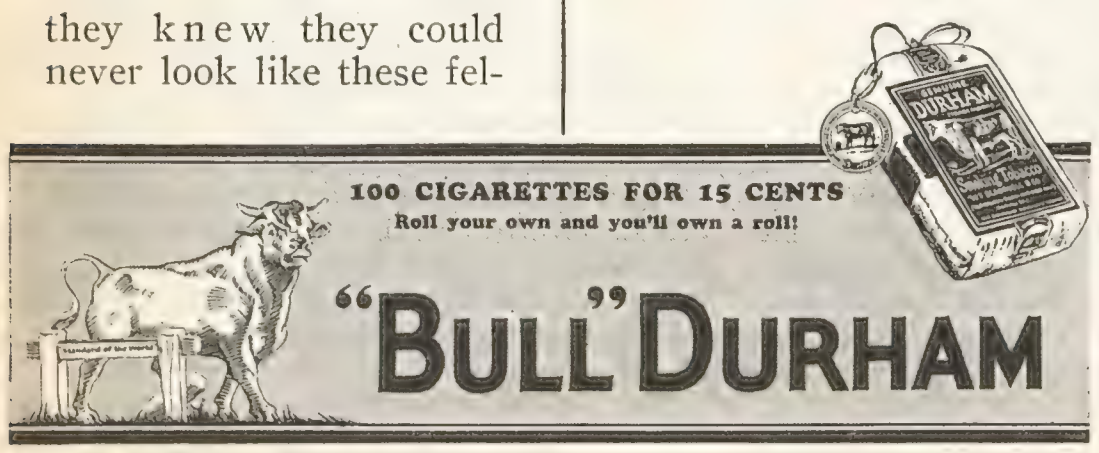
P. S. There will be another piece here two weeks from now. Look for it.

SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AGO!

In 1860 a blend of tobacco was born—"Bull" Durham. On quality alone it has won recognition wherever tobacco is known. It still offers the public this—more flavor, more enjoyment and a lot more money left at the end of a week's smoking.

TWO BAGS for 15 cents
100 cigarettes for 15 cents

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED
111 Fifth Avenue, New York City



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was all that the leader of the orchestra needed to give encore after encore.

At the next dance I wore black, not one of my "lifeboats," in which one feels one can sail safely in any social waters. Fisher apparently did not see me at all. Later he said: "You know, I had no idea you were there. You mustn't wear black, you know. Why, I didn't even see you! But that other frock, that was an amazin' pretty frock. Charmin'!"

After several evenings I began to wonder with some perturbation why no other men, my former partners, asked me to dance. At last I spoke of it to the tactful flag lieutenant.

"Why, you know," he said, "we can't ask the admiral's partner to dance when he's sitting with her."

In society he was a czar and exercised his royal prerogative in a high-handed manner, but always with such ebullient good nature that we forgave him.

NOW for the story of why he was dubbed "The Yellow Peril." I remember there was a very rich woman in Bermuda who was married to a naval officer whose name (it is all I can remember) was Georgie. Well, Georgie brought his ship to join the fleet in Bermuda. The navigation of those waters is ticklish, and a small hurricane had made it worse. Georgie at least felt he was not equal to the situation, and forthwith took on a pilot, at his own expense, to bring in his ship.

Very smart was Captain Georgie when he went in to report to the admiral, and sad, sad indeed, when he came out, for his orders were to cruise about the island for a week, then bring his ship in himself, as became an officer and a gentleman. This, of course, was humiliating—poor Georgie cruising around and around in the sight of all the Bermudians and all the amused naval folk on the island. And Georgie's wife suffered with him, and there entered into her heart a determination to hurt Fisher. It was from her I heard the legend of Fisher's parentage.

He was born in Ceylon, she said, and he was the son of an English army officer of gentle birth. So much is true. But, said Georgie's wife, beyond peradventure, he was a half-caste and that his mother was a Singhalese woman. In corroboration of the story one was told to observe the admiral's oriental countenance, his subtlety, and his cruelty.

Fisher spoke to me of this legend and said:

"One can't see the foundation of it." He went on to say that his mother was "a devilishly pretty English girl." One of her grandfathers had been an officer under Nelson at Trafalgar, and the other Lord Mayor of London.

"Of course, Lord Mayor, you know, is nothing very much. But surely not a disgrace."

He told me much of his own life: how he was orphaned when a very little boy. He went into the British navy at eleven, for in those days it was not unusual for little boys to go to sea.

"The day I joined, I remember," he said, "I saw eight men flogged, and fainted at the sight."

There were no naval schools then, and Fisher, after the manner of self-made men, used to deplore the mollycoddling of modern times.

"Such magnificent results were produced by the old method—those little boys coming on board one by one, as compared with the present crowd, sent in batches, of hulking giants," he said. "All the entrance examination I had to pass was to write out the Lord's Prayer, do a rule of three sum, and drink a glass of sherry."

He liked to quote a letter of one of these little midshipmen to his mother. This child was nine years old and was killed just after Trafalgar.

"We live on beef which has been ten or eleven years in a cask and biscuit which makes your throat cold in eating it, owing to the maggots, which are very cold when you eat them, like calves'-foot jelly, being very fat, indeed!" And the child added, "I hope I shall not learn to swear, and by God's assistance I hope I shall not."

"I entered the navy penniless and forlorn," said Fisher. "While my messmates were having jam I had to go without. While their stomachs were full, mine was often empty. I had always had to fight like hell, and fighting like hell has made me what I am. Hunger and thirst are the way to Heaven." Then, with an almost boyish shy hesitancy: "But the ladies liked me, and it pleased me most awfully when I heard they said I was such a cunnin' little figger in my short-jacketed uniform."

AS for his appearance when I knew him: he was then about fifty-seven. Not tall, perhaps only five feet eight inches. He had a shock of hair, cut close all over his large head. Dark almond eyes and beautiful teeth disclosed by a truly delightful smile, and the finest, most delicate, clear, rosy skin I have ever seen on a man. He was compact and sturdy and the least bit inclined to *embonpoint;* and how well I remember his stubby little feet, always capped with gaiters, white or gray! And most characteristic were his gestures. His hands were small, the fingers always held tight together and the entire hand slightly cupped. Held so, fingers and thumb still and in position, he gesticulated, emphasizing all his astonishing, brisk talk. When in mufti he always wore a gray, square-topped derby.

That winter, the house where

we were stopping being overfull of children, the wife of a young navy paymaster and I, with my three youngsters, took a small cottage called Walford, in Paget East, at the head of the harbor.

Admiral Fisher sent over some sailors, who had our India print hangings in place in a trice, swarming up the stepladders with incredible speed. To crown the work came pots of ferns, brought up on Fisher's flagship, from Trinidad. We were soon "at home" to our friends.

Often he would come to tea to Walford, in Paget, or to take me off in the barge to join the others on board ship or at Admiralty House. Indeed, the barge came flying down the narrow harbor to Walford's dock so often that some witty person called it the Paget Naval Station.

ONCE, when he came to our place, I, always dilatory and helter-skelter, was still in my room dressing. He fumed in the drawing room below for a few seconds. Then he angrily whacked the ceiling (which was the floor of my bedroom) with his walking stick.

"What do you mean," I said when I came down, "by beating on my floor in that rude, importunate manner?"

"Madam," he said, "you are the only woman in the world I have waited for. I wouldn't wait for the *Queen herself!*"

I knew I had been given the ultimate compliment. For in his mind and heart his Queen sat on the right hand of the Deity Himself.

It used to be said that a woman always falls for a uniform and a bit of gold lace, and I must confess to a romantic liking for a ballroom where the officers' uniforms vie with the women's gowns in colored brilliancy.

"Oh," I said once to him, "why don't you always have the officers in white in the ballroom? It would be so much more dazzling. And, too," I added, "more becoming to *our* gowns!"

So Fisher ordered white for dress. Long afterward I discovered, to my dismay, that the young officers resented having to wear white very much. It made their laundry bills so frightfully high. One dance, one wearing! And their pay, of course, was small.

Seeing me looking rather depressed one day, Lady Fisher kindly asked me to go to Admiralty House for a long week-end. On the appointed day Sir John and Lady Fisher stopped for me on their way to pay a formal call upon the mayor of Hamilton. We drove off in grand style, two men on the box, my modest little trunk hanging on behind, Sir John much pleased at the thought of taking us into one of the show places of Bermuda.

In the carriage again and up the ridged asphalt road to Admiralty House, which sits on the top of a hill in pleasant shaded grounds.

Life at Admiralty House proceeded much in the manner of any well-ordered household, with trifling international differences in dishes and the serving of them. When, after our early morning tea and thin bread and butter, we strolled in to breakfast, we found our eggs, for instance, on the buffet, penciled "hard," "soft," and "medium," not shelled, and in a cup ready for the hurried American meal.

"Every morning," said Sir John, explaining another custom of the Fisher family, "before we go down to breakfast the children come to our room and I read from the Bible. It's a very good thing to know your Bible. Our Queen, too," he'd add, earnestly and naively, "likes men who have faith in God."

Lady Fisher and I had many quiet hours together on the sheltered veranda, Lady Fisher's deft fingers making the quaint old glass beads of her bobbins fly as she made yards of Nottingham lace. One morning Lady Fisher sat at her desk doing her accounts. One by one the servants filed by to receive their wages and a word or two of praise. This duty done, she turned to me, enumerating from her well-kept account book the prodigal amount of supplies used, saying, "Thirty hams a month! Forty tubs of butter," etc. It was after one of these days of reckoning that the admiral joined us for a few minutes before luncheon.

"Kitty!" he exclaimed, as he came in the room, explosively exuberant, as he always was. "I met Monsieur Auge [the cook] going out on his bicycle." Lady Fisher, the memory of the hams still rankling, turned her eyes upward as though immensely relieved and said:

"Thank Heaven, he isn't cooking!"

We three had many quiet chats on that pleasant veranda—talks about homely, practical things. For example, I admired the simple freshness of the daughters' frocks. They were of black and white English cotton print. Said the admiral, drawing back the shoulder of his coat:

"I had them make the sleeves of my shirts of that print. So that, afloat or ashore, there's no danger of losin' sight of the admiral's shirts in the laundry," with a little vicious grimness in the twinkle of his eyes.

He tried to persuade Lady Fisher to go to the dances at the hotels oftener, but she would have none of it. They bored her horribly.

"But you'd better come to chaperon me while I dance with Mrs. Peck. I dance nearly always with her, you know," smiling slyly at me.

"Yes, and you should not be such a thoughtless boy," said Lady Fisher. "You'll have Mrs. Peck talked about for it." And, like a boy, he said:

"Now, Kitty, why shouldn't I? Mrs. Peck is the greatest friend I've had in years, and her step matches mine perfectly. Why shouldn't I have this free time of play after all my work? You don't mind, do you, Mrs. Peck?" I replied, "If Lady Fisher doesn't mind. I surely do not."

As we both laughed a little at her husband she said:

"Oh, well. But I think you're very selfish."

Alas! Alas! He was as devoted to the step of my successor the next season!

THE Spanish-American War was declared in April during one of my last visits to Admiralty House. One night I remember being awakened by unusual noises, footsteps and voices inside and out of the house. Looking out of my window, I saw the flag lieutenant in pajamas and bedroom slippers fling himself upon a bicycle and ride out through the gates in a flash. To the cable office, I was told later.

The next day, walking to town with the admiral, we went aboard one of the mail steamers lying at the dock. The admiral at once plunged into the subject in hand with the captain of the ship, and when maps were produced the captain gave Sir John an inquiring look as though to say, "What about this woman? Is she safe?"

The admiral replied, "It's quite all right. We may speak freely before Mrs. Peck."

Thrilled to the core, I sat opposite the captain at the table upon which the map was outspread. Fisher stood in the doorway of the deck cabin and upon my unaccustomed ears fell the plans for the part England was to play should she be drawn into the fight.

About the strategic moves of empires I am an illiterate. This is all I know of the situation and if I err I will accept any reproofs in all humbleness. When war was declared. I believe in Europe there was doubt that it would be such an easy victory for the United States as it turned out to be. Spain still wore some of the fabled prowess that she had once possessed. England was pro-American, but for a time it was believed that France might throw in her fortunes with Spain. In this event England was all set to go to our aid.

Anyway, this is what transpired in the captain's cabin. The decision was to convert the little mail steamer into a man-of-war, as far as to mounting guns on her peaceful deck. Britain's admiral did not want to waste a better ship, I understood. The captain of the mail steamer was to be in command. If France entered the war, the English were to attack "here," and Fisher indicated on the map a point on the coast of French Martinique.

"A vulnerable spot they will least suspect," said Fisher, "I have had men disguised as traders in Martinique for months and everything is prepared for the attack."

BEFORE he left Bermuda, Fisher gave me his private cable code.

"If you come to England be sure to let us know," he said. "Just cable me, addressing it to 'The Admiralty,' London, and it will reach me wherever I may be. Save you a lot of money, too!" (shrewdly).

I subsequently used this code as I explained in my articles on President Wilson, which appeared in Liberty. The husband of a dear friend, a British naval captain, was to be court-martialed in England (unjustly, we all thought) for mishandling his ship. At the solicitation of a friend I cabled to Fisher in his code:

"Please help ——. A friend of mine."

The captain was not convicted. But I doubted then that it was because of my intervention with Fisher. Later came proof of this. Because, in 1910, when I again saw Fisher, on the occasion of his visit to America, he said:

"I didn't know that Captain —— was a friend of yours."

"Indeed, he is, and," I said, gratefully, "I'm so glad you were able to help him."

He said, brusquely, "I didn't. He got off—but he should have been convicted."

One night as the admiral sat with me in the corridor giving onto the ballroom at Admiralty House we commented upon the brilliant success of that particular affair. But it was getting late, and, suddenly turning to me, he said:

"Look at Lady Fisher!" (She was sitting, as was her official duty, on the regal dais at one end of the ballroom.) "Poor Kitty. How she hates it! She'd like to be in bed, and wishes to God all us foolish dancers were abed, too."

"Lady Fisher!" Sir John was so happy in the newly bestowed K. C. B. (Knight Commander of the Bath, which had made him a "Sir" and his wife Her Ladyship), that he lost few opportunities of letting "Her Ladyship" roll on his tongue.

But these trifling anecdotes, these social gambols of a great man during a few months of enforced idleness, can give you no appreciation of the real Lord Fisher. He was an extraordinary man, super-Rooseveltian. In spite of an outward manner of vigorous and pleasure-loving boyishness, and a seeming ingenuousness that amounted almost to naivete, one sensed all the time his subtlety, finesse, his brilliantly adroit mind.

In his career the first, most important step, was in 1882. In that year he took part in the bombardment of Alexandria. He landed with the naval brigade and devised the first "ar-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Will the world ever throb to the thoughts in your mind?

THE breath of an almost forgotten perfume bringing back a moonlit garden and a white, lifted face. The rasp of a foghorn recalling tense agony of engines stopped at sea. Jangle of firebells down midnight streets—ragged flames above black roofs. . . . Sometimes a single vivid memory summons up for you a whole series of people, scenes, events, impressions, that in the intensity of your thinking take on color, movement, force. They live again! If you thrill to these things, if you are impressed by their full dramatic significance, you have in you the story-writer's power to impress and thrill others.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

mored train" in the history of warfare and commanded its skirmishes. This created as much of a stir as the tanks did during the World War. In this connection, he told me a story.

After the battle he was invalided home and, in recognition of his efforts in that battle, Queen Victoria invited him to dine at Windsor Castle as soon as he was convalescent. He said to me:

"At dinner I took out Lady E——" (one of Queen Victoria's ladies-in-waiting.) "I wasn't very strong yet and had a rackin' cough. Lady E——, a motherly old soul, said, 'That is a very bad cough, Captain Fisher. Are you sure you are careful enough?' and then asked me a very personal question, which I answered in a confidential undertone.

"Thereupon, Lady E—— laughed and I joined her, until, our Queen speaking, a hush fell upon the guests. Her Majesty said, smilingly, 'May we know the cause of the merriment?'

"And you know," said Fisher, "in that awful silence, I was obliged to raise my voice (our Queen was rather deaf, you know), and say, 'I was just sayin' to Lady E——, ma'am, that I'd enough flannel on me to go around this room.'"

Lord Nelson was his hero; Nelson, who, he said, "was nothing if not insubordinate; who was rash and inconsistent; who never flogged a man; whose heart was tender and worn on his sleeve for daws to peck at."

OF war he said: "It must be ruthless, relentless, remorseless," and "Surprise is the pith and marrow of war," and "Hit first, hit hard, and keep on hitting." He often spoke of the importance of quick decision in a battle. Quarters of minutes count, he said.

"Of all the awful people in the world, nothing is so terrible as a vacillator," he was wont to say. "I am not sure the devil isn't right when he says, 'Tell a lie and stick to it'."

Fisher chose for his own motto, "Fear God and Dread Naught." In this connection I must say that the motto of the Fisher family, his ancestors, was "*Ubi Voluntas ibi Piscatur.*" (We fish where we like.) And when he referred to it we used to twit him by implying that it meant he flirted with whom he chose.

Of his own personal conduct he would say, "Put on the invisible armor of contempt and fortitude." Of Lord Spencer, who had been First Sea Lord, and whom he loved and admired very much, he said, "He satisfied that great description of a gentleman—he never hurt any man's feelings." Of praying, he said, "Again I say the only thing to pray for is endurance or fortitude. You have no right to pray for rain for your turnips when it will ruin somebody else's wheat."

As for Americans:

"My very best friends are Americans," he wrote. "I was the Admiral in North America and saw American beauties in Bermuda. And, without question, they are the very best dancers in the world. (I suppose it is from so much skating.) My only son married an American lady (which rejoiced me.) I got an adhesive label in America which I love; great black block letters on a crimson ground, RUSH. You stick it on a letter or on the back of a slow fool. Mr. McRea, the president of the Pennsylvania Railway, had his private car take me to Philadelphia from New York. He went ninety miles in ninety minutes, and such a dinner! Two black gentlemen did it all. And I found my luggage in my room when I arrived, labeled, 'Mr. Lord Fisher.'"

TO please me he liked to tell this story of Hiram Maxim, the famous American inventor:

"When Maxim was very little known he came to see me when I was captain of the gunnery ship at Portsmouth, bringing with him his ever-famous Maxim gun to be tried by me. So we went to Whale Island to practice the gun, and when he was ready to fire I adopted the usual practice in trying all new guns—ordered the experimental party under cover. At that, they were supposed to go into a sort of dugout. Evidently old Maxim considered this an insult to his gun. He roared out at the top of his lungs, 'Britishers under cover. Yankees out in the open!' The gun didn't burst, and it was all right. But it might have, just the same."

Lord Fisher died at the age of seventy-nine in 1920. When he had visited America in 1910, on the occasion of the marriage of his son to Miss Jane Morgan of Philadelphia, it had been my good fortune to be able to introduce him to Woodrow Wilson, who was then Governor of New Jersey and who, Fisher predicted, would be the next President of the United States. But I never saw Fisher after that.

One afternoon in 1920 I went into a moving picture theater. There were the usual news pictures. One of them was the funeral of Lord Fisher. It was a shock to me. I had not known that he was dead. To see that little coffin borne by British jackies—a little coffin, short and compact like himself! And in it all that bluster and tempest, that fortitude and indomitable valor, that gay doggishness which I had known and had made me laugh so much twenty years before.

I say now as I did then:

"God rest his soul."

THE END

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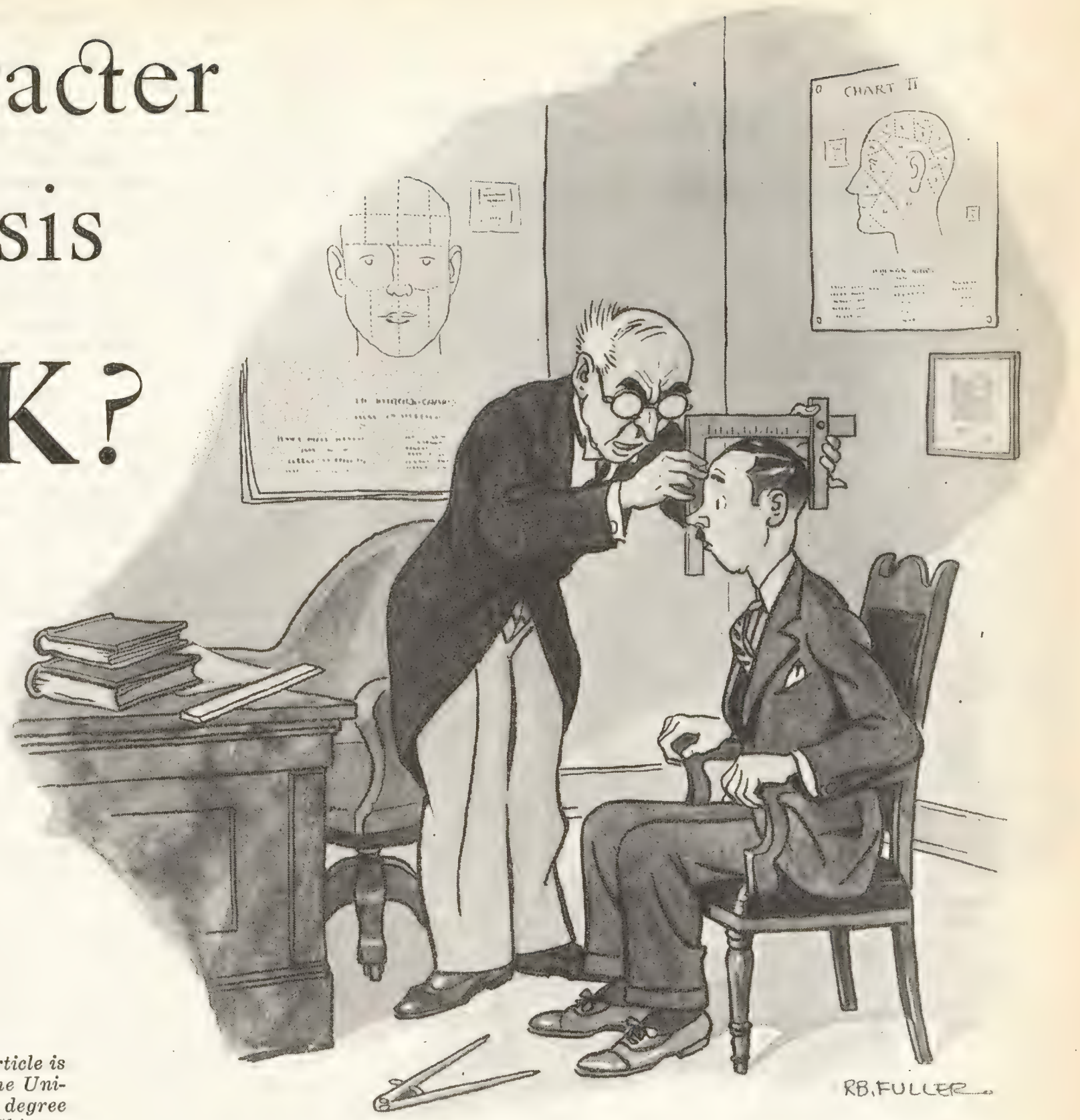
Is Character Analysis BUNK?

By Forrest A. Kingsbury

There's Only One Sound Way to "Size Up" a Person, and Here It Is Described for You



Instead of searching the stars, the crystal ball, or the cards, the modern fortune teller inspects the bumps or hollows on his subject's skull.

THE author of this thought-provoking article is associate professor of psychology at the University of Chicago. He took his master's degree at Yale in 1911, went to the University of Chicago in 1920, and in 1923 was appointed to his present post.

Interested in the practical aspect of psychology for years, and having been engaged in banking before he entered college, Professor Kingsbury has taken an important part in the personnel work of financial institutions in Chicago and Detroit. He is the author of Primary Group Intelligence Scale and, with A. W. Kornhauser, also of the University of Chicago, of Psychological Tests in Business. He has written numerous technical articles on personnel rating, job analysis, and business psychology.

THERE are very few of us who do not have frequent need to form estimates about the character or ability of other persons—or of ourselves. We practice it all the time. It is one of the most important things our complex life compels us to do.

Whether it be in choosing friends, hiring employees, extending credit, sizing up an oil stock promoter, selecting a vocation, or picking a husband or wife, our happiness and welfare depend to a tremendous degree upon our appraising correctly human abilities, habits, and dispositions. If there is anything that will help us to do it more quickly, more correctly, or more consistently, it will be of inestimable value to us.

No wonder, therefore, that venders of much-advertised short-cuts to character reading find a wide and ready market for their wares. The urgency and universality of the need, plus the absence of standards by which to evaluate the claims put forth, have made the modern public, and especially the business man, a vulnerable target for promulgators of these systems.

Schemes for anticipating people's futures are by no means exclusively modern phenomena. Astrologers, diviners, magicians, fortune tellers, palmists have for uncounted centuries pretended to point out to men the direction of their true destiny, just as phrenologists, physiognomists, graphologists, character analysts of every sort make similar professions today.

But nowadays prophets dress themselves up in scientific garb. Pseudo-psychological lingo, especially, is sure-fire stuff. Instead of searching the stars, the crystal ball, or the cards, the modern fortune teller inspects the bumps or hollows on his subject's skull, the shape of his face, head, and features, his bodily proportions, and all sorts of anatomical characteristics. From these the analyst diagnoses quickly the high spots and low spots in his client's make-up and tells him exactly what career he ought to follow.

What is to be said about the value of such methods? Briefly, this: Systems of character reading from bodily structure have, in general, too slender a basis of truth to make them of any practical worth. There is just one theoretically sound basis of judging what a man is likely to do in the future, and that is by what he *does* and what he *has done* in the past.

At once loud protests are forthcoming.

"Surely," you say, "there must be something to judging character by faces. Everybody knows that a man with an Andy Gump chin lacks persistence, that a heavy underjaw means a scrapper, that red-haired people have similarly tinted tempers, and that thick, heavy lips denote a lover of sensuous pleasure. Don't we, most of us, pride ourselves on our ability to size up people by looking at them? Doesn't every employer insist on seeing a man, or at least his photograph, before hiring him? How are we to account for this common conviction, to say nothing of the sweeping claims of the commercial character analysts, if there isn't something to it?"

Several things help to explain this confidence in "character analysis."

1. Most of us like to practice "street car character analysis." We size up people—but we don't take any steps to *verify* our judgments. Whether we are right in our guesses or not we have no real knowledge.

2. There is a considerable chance of guessing right on most traits. If half the people in the world are "above average" in a given

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

trait (and it doesn't take much of a statistician to see that that is fairly close to the truth), we can hardly help guessing right — or, at least, nearer right than wrong —about half the time. Now, it is the fifty per cent—more or less—of good guesses that we remember and brag about; the fifty per cent of poor guesses we overlook. That, by the way, helps explain "intuition"; the hunches that turn out right we remember with awe; those that don't we promptly forget.

3. We fail to realize that almost every character trait exists in some degree, however small, in everyone. By hunting long enough we can usually dig up some bit of evidence to support almost any generalization we care to make about a person. Sometimes the evidence is not wholly relevant, due to our treating as if it were general some trait which the individual possesses, but in a very specialized form. Thus, it is not always safe to assume that because a man rates high in neatness of personal appearance his desk or his handwriting will be equally neat. Neatness may be, for him, a specialized habit of dress, and not a general quality at all.

4. It is frequently true that a man may develop a naturally weak trait, or repress a strong one, in response to people's treatment of him. A scrawny, undersized man with a squeaky voice and no chin may have the disposition of a tyrant; but people who see him casually are not likely to take him very seriously; and continued social repression *may* eventually tame him down into the kind of a person he looks to be.

5. But the most common error into which we fall is to generalize on a single, striking case, or a few selected examples. Books on character analysis are profusely illustrated with photographs of convex-profiled individuals with forceful characters, but the convex-profiled individuals with meek dispositions are not mentioned, although undoubtedly we all number a good many of them among our acquaintances.

6. Finally, in the practical process of judging the character of those we see, we actually use many other clews besides structural traits. Doubtless we err frequently as to which of the many possible signs we really are depending on in our character appraisals.

When you interview a man you may size him up by any of several clews other than the breadth of his head, the color of his hair, the length of his nose. You see how he carries himself, how he sits and rises, the assurance, promptness, and fullness with which he answers your questions, the chang-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Eleanor Boardman, film star, appearing in Metro-Goldwyn Productions

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

ing expression on his face, the care with which he has dressed and groomed himself for the interview; you note the tone and inflections of his voice and a dozen characteristics besides those the patent systems profess.

Now, these are *behavior* traits, genuine, direct expressions of his habits, and perfectly defensible theoretical bases for judging traits of character—but, unfortunately for the ease of proving their case, *not* the bases which the commercial systems chiefly use.

In the judgment of character from physiognomic traits, we must first admit the fact that some facial traits *do* reveal character, although not always consistently. A man who has smiled so long that his face has adopted the habit is likely to be judged a cheerful individual.

The person who has for years been practicing the habits of scowling, clenching his teeth, and thrusting out his lower jaw, until his face has "grown that way," is equally likely to be judged pugnacious or disagreeable.

One experimenter has proved that the ability to gaze firmly and unwaveringly into the examiner's eyes is highly indicative of a strong, forceful personality, while a vacillating gaze is equally indicative of a weak, nonaggressive disposition.

These are really *behavior* traits, the aftereffects of long-exercised facial muscle habits, which are, in turn, the direct expression of character and disposition. It is they who lead us to remark of a man, often with great accuracy, "His meanness just naturally shows in his face," or "You can tell by looking at him that he is honest and kind."

IT would be well if we had a more systematic understanding of these forms of self-expression, for they constitute a sounder basis for character judgment than the wholly different facial traits the character analysts have picked on as their guides. There is, of course, a *possibility* that somehow the little-understood hormones secreted by the ductless glands may have an effect, not only on man's bodily development but on his nervous and psychical development as well. Indeed, some investigators believe they have found some evidence of such correlation. But this hypothesis has not yet been proved to the satisfaction of all competent judges, and, even if it were found true, the degree of relationship claimed is so slight as to offer no consistent, practical guidance.

Like the phrenologists, the modern character analysts are past masters in the art of picking illustrative examples which prove their claims and ignoring those which contradict. They do *not* make a practice of citing the results of exact observations, made impartially on large groups, mainly because there are no such results.

Few of the so-called character analysts are trained in even the simple statistical methods which constitute the most appropriate instruments for testing their theories. In view of the absence of all logical reasons for believing their claims, the burden is certainly on them to submit adequate scientific proof. Such proof, as we have pointed out, is no mere citation of selected examples. Adequate proof requires that they shall—

1. Take a large number of people *at random* (that is, not hand-picked).
2. Measure in each person the physical trait in question.
3. Measure, test, or rate in each person the character trait in question.
4. Compare the two sets of measurements and report how closely they agree.

Now, if the two sets of measurements could be shown to correspond to a very high degree, that would mean we could take the physical trait as a fairly good indicator of the character trait. If they correspond to only a moderate degree, it would mean that we could guess at our subject's character with something more than chance accuracy. If they do not correspond at all, or, in other words, if there is only chance agreement, it would mean that the two traits were not related, and that seeing the physical sign would tell us nothing consistently about the character trait.

Has such comparison been made? Not for every trait. To tell the truth, most psychologists have simply not taken character analysis seriously enough to spend their time disproving it. But recently a few competent investigators have thought it worth while to obtain and present some cold facts.

Two psychologists had three hundred and seventy-four individuals, half of them unmistakably blond, the other half brunette, rated by their close friends with respect to a list of twenty-six traits which a certain popular system asserts to be correlated either with blondness or brunetteness. The results of their mathematical comparison of the ratings were summarized as follows: "Blonds possess brunette traits in the same degree that brunettes do; brunettes possess blond traits in the same degree that blonds do."

Two other investigators made accurate instrumental measurements (not mere crude observations), on a group of thirty individuals, of twenty-nine physical traits which are asserted by character analysts to be correlated with one or another of several traits of character, and also obtained as reliable ratings as they could, on the same people, of eight personal traits. Then they computed the degree of relationship between many sets of paired measurements. They came to this interesting conclusion: "The correlation between (estimates by) close associates and physical measurements is best represented by 0.000."

IF a commercial character analyst wants you to invest in his system, *make him prove that it is consistently valid*—if he can. In view of the facts we now have, it is strictly up to *him* to furnish the kind of evidence described.

After all, the one sure way to know a man is to *know* him, to see him day after day, under all sorts of conditions, until we know intimately his abilities, habits, and tendencies. Even then there is a big chance of occasional error.

But the old law of habit has never been repealed. What a man has done again and again is likely to be the best index to his future actions. In so far as psychological tests are useful for prediction, it is simply because they afford revelation, through carefully measured behavior, of the subject's abilities and habit.

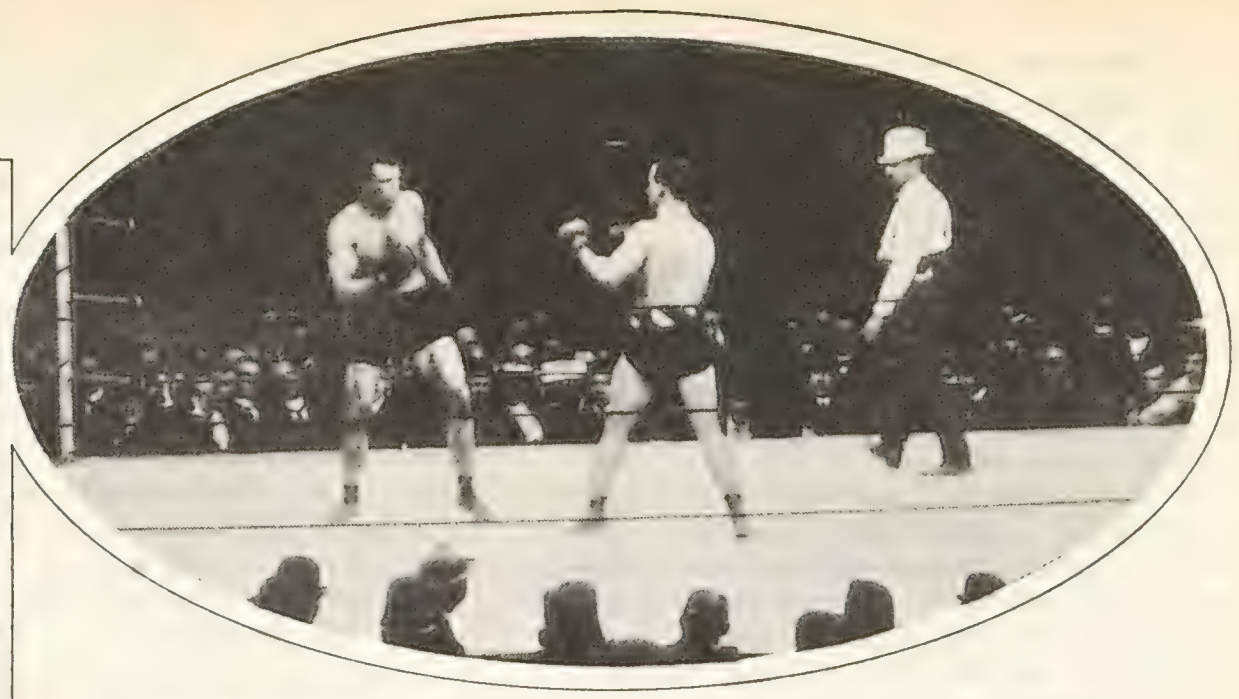
There is still much to be learned about how people act and how to estimate them. But it seems most probable that increased knowledge will come through perfecting and refining the good old method of judging character by conduct, and not through the multiplication of get-wise-quick schemes which are theoretically unsound and statistically unproved.

THE END

Most of us like to practice "street car character analysis"—but we don't take any steps to VERIFY *our judgments.*

From the Albert Davis Collection

He was little, but Oh, my!—Tom Sharkey, the "dangerous old deck scrubber," in his prime.



The Jeffries-Sharkey fight at Coney Island, which Sharkey lost to the boilermaker only by a hairbreadth decision.

Tom Sharkey

Was the Nearest

NEAR-CHAMPION of the WORLD

The Story of the Man Who Almost Scared Corbett and Jeffries Out of Their Titles

By THE REFEREE

NEAR-CHAMPIONS are common, but men who come within an ace of winning a title twice are rare.

Tom Sharkey, the heavyweight sailor, is the nearest near-champion we know of. He was a blue-eyed, sandy-haired, bull-throated sailor when he landed in San Francisco after retiring from the navy about 1890.

Tim McGrath saw the young Irish sailor working out in a gymnasium in 'Frisco and immediately tagged him as his own. Sharkey was heavyweight champion of the United States Navy, and loved to fight. McGrath matched him to fight a good old trial horse, Australian Billy Smith, at the coursing park in Colma, just outside of San Francisco.

McGrath, an old trainer, took his man to regular training quarters, but Tom couldn't sleep, saying he missed the splashing of the waves against the portholes. McGrath then hired two negroes, who went to work immediately after Sharkey went to bed and splashed water against the ex-sailor's windows until he was sound asleep. Sharkey beat Smith in eight rounds, and was the talk of the town.

Sharkey was then matched against Alec Greggains, a top-notcher at that time. Greggains had agreed to stop Sharkey in eight rounds, and was almost knocked out himself.

Joe Choynski, a terrific hitter, then got a match with Sharkey, and the betting was very brisk on the former. The 'Frisco sports got the shock of their lives when, in the third round, Sharkey knocked Choynski out of the ring, back into the fourth row of spectators.

Choynski's seconds claimed a foul, which was allowed, and he was given half an hour's rest. He stayed the eight rounds with Sharkey, but had a tough voyage. Sharkey was the idol of San Francisco after that fight. Crowds followed him wherever he went, and he was much sought after by fight promoters.

Sharkey then went up to Vallejo, and started a fight club. He returned to San Francisco just as Jim Corbett, heavyweight champion of the world, arrived in that city. Corbett had not fought for two years; his last battle was with Charlie Mitchell in Jacksonville, and two years before that he had knocked out John L. Sullivan in New Orleans. He had been doing stage work and neglecting his condition.

Corbett heard of Sharkey and his great popularity, and, when offered a four-round bout with the sailor, jumped at the chance. The promoters offered Sharkey two thousand dollars to fight Corbett, but he balked, characteristically saying, "Nix. I won't take a cent less than seventeen hundred."

The match was finally made and the pair met. Corbett, thinking he had a set-up, figured that all the training he'd need was a haircut and shave. On the other hand, Sharkey worked like a Trojan, and entered the ring bronzed and trained to the minute.

Corbett raised great welts on the sailor's face and body during the first round, jabbing him at will, and dancing out of harm's way. He repeated in the second round, and when Sharkey got back to his corner Tim McGrath, his handler, said, "Sock him in the ribs, Tom; work more on his body."

Sharkey's blue eyes twinkled at that, and, turning to McGrath, he said: "The only time I see him is between rounds."

He did get to Corbett in the third, however, and the latter, badly winded and stung, clinched repeatedly. In the fourth and last round Sharkey, seeing the championship within his grasp, tore at the titleholder like a wild bull.

Corbett jabbed and ran, dodging behind the referee whenever he had the chance, and hugging the sailor for dear life when the latter got close enough to grab. He was out on his feet, and nothing but his ring generalship saved him. One good punch from the tar would have settled the fight, but he couldn't land it. Corbett never had such a scare in his life before. He was never again caught out of condition.

Once again, at Coney Island, when Jeffries was champion of the world, Sharkey had his other chance. He went twenty-five rounds with the big boilermaker, and forced the fight every bit of the way. It was so close that a decision to either man would have been popular. George Siler, the referee, however, saved Jeffries' title by awarding him the palm.

Sharkey had three ribs broken in that battle, but the stout-hearted tar did not even let his seconds know of it.

When you consider that Sharkey stood but five feet eight and a half, and weighed one hundred and eighty pounds, and Jeffries stood six feet one and a half, and weighed two hundred and twenty-five pounds, you realize what a dangerous man the old deck scrubber was.

Tom spends his days now at Jim Coffroth's merry-go-round at Tiajuana, Mexico.

THE END

Soft food does the damage to your teeth and gums!

Easy living, creamy food and sauces—hasty eating—these are the causes of gum trouble. Brush your teeth and your gums with Ipana and keep your teeth white, your gums firm.

You don't have to attend a banquet to get soft food. Even a simple luncheon at your own house, a breakfast, or a Sunday tea, will give you the reason why gums today are weak and understimulated. Children, in particular, should early be taught the dangers of a diet of soft food and the necessity for daily care and stimulation of their gums.

THERE'S a good deal of misinformation about gum troubles—particularly pyorrhea. Genuine cases of pyorrhea are few and far between. But there are thousands upon thousands of cases of gums which are not in good health. Many people are bothered with gums which bleed occasionally or which are tender—undernourished by the blood.

Soft food—the cause of nearly all gum afflictions

AND the reason for this is simple indeed. The food we eat is too soft to keep our gums in health. Hard food, slowly chewed, would rub against the walls of our gums. It would liven the circulation and that live circulation would clear the poisons and wastes away, and would render the tissue of our gums firm and healthy.

There, simply stated, you have the reason for gum troubles—troubles considered so stubborn, so dangerous, not alone to the teeth but to the entire body.

How daily care with Ipana helps the gums to health

TO DEFEAT these troubles is simple. *But* you must restore to your gums, by daily care, the stimulation which nature intended hard, fibrous food to give. You can do it with Ipana Tooth Paste at the same time you clean your teeth.

For Ipana has a peculiar virtue, all its own, in restoring to weakened gums their normal tonicity. It contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic, used by dentists to allay bleeding and to tone up weakened gum tissue.

Perhaps you do not need this toning. No harm done. Brushing a healthy gum with Ipana will keep it healthy. Brushing your teeth with Ipana, you will have a new sensation of cleanliness in your mouth and a new sense of cleanliness from every tooth in your head.

Dentists use and approve of Ipana

IT'S delicious—Ipana. Its cleaning power for so gentle an agent is remarkable and its effect on subnormal tissue is better than good.

To be safe, however, ask your dentist. We'll abide by his decision; thousands of his profession speak the good word for Ipana. By his recommendation Ipana first became known. He'll speak well of its powers, its taste, its formula. And he'll speak well of our advice to brush your gums as well as your teeth.

Make a thorough trial of Ipana!

THERE'S a coupon in the corner. If you want a sample, by all means send for it. But mailing takes time and, at best, under the new postal rates, we can send but a ten-day tube. It would be much simpler and more satisfactory to you to go to your nearest drug store and get a full-sized tube, use it through, and then arrive at the decision whether or not Ipana is the tooth paste for you.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. AB825, 42 Rector St., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

*Name*_____

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IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

©Bristol-Myers Co., 1925

A beautiful Hold-Heet ivory white handled electric curler and hair dryer. These two beautiful appliances come in a handsome leatherette box with rich silk lining. Makes an ideal gift. Ask your dealer to show you this lovely Hold-Heet DeLuxe merchandise—it must be seen to be appreciated. Price $7.

Same as above without electric hair dryer. Comes in five beautiful DeLuxe styles with ivory white or rosewood handles. Has special firm spring action that holds stubborn hair. Price $3.50 to $5. Your dealer has or can get any style.

Heat is nature's greatest remedy and the new Hold-Heet DeLuxe white eiderdown heating pad is truly the finest article of its kind. Soft and soothing—clean and inviting. This comfort-bringing full-size pad has the exclusive Hold-Heet Self Compensating Double Series Thermostat and three-heat regulation switch. Comes in a beautiful leatherette box, making it ideal for gifts. Every home needs one. Costs only $10.

Hold-

With the Famous Gu

"HOLD-HEET" on a household electrical appliance means more than the mere name of an article. Like "Sterling" on silver it signifies quality. Hold-Heet with its famous guaranteed element is more than a promise of satisfactory service. For years, in countless homes, electrical appliances bearing the Hold-Heet mark have justified their moderate prices, their two years of guaranteed service and their enviable reputation.

In purchasing electrical appliances, look first to the heating element—the heart of the appliance. That is the yardstick of its service to you. No electrical appliance can be better than its heating element. And the outstanding feature of Hold-Heet electrical appliances is the famous guaranteed "Hold-Heet" element. Hold-Heet appliances are designed and built from the inside heating element *out*—not from the outside cover *in*. And with their unusual inner construction, they possess a matchless outside beauty.

The guaranteed element in every Hold-Heet appliance is famous for its ability to serve economically and efficiently throughout its long life. It holds heat when necessary; it delivers heat when and where you need it. You are insured against burnouts or trouble; it is guaranteed for two years against any fault whatsoever. Twenty allowed patents, with others pending, make the duplication of this wonderful guaranteed heating element impossible.

When next you purchase a household electrical appliance, look for the name "Hold-Heet"—it is your protection. If the Hold-Heet trademark is not on the device—then Hold-Heet, the guaranteed element, is not in it! Hold-Heet appliances are easy to distinguish. Their beauty, their exclusive comfort-conveniences, their sturdy construction, and their moderate prices make them outstanding attractions in the best dealers' stores. Their looks are copied—the guaranteed heating element never can be. To secure Hold-Heet's patented advantages, with the famous guaranteed Hold-Heet element, insist upon genuine Hold-Heet products. They insure the most for your money. Your dealer has Hold-Heet or can quickly get it. See him today.

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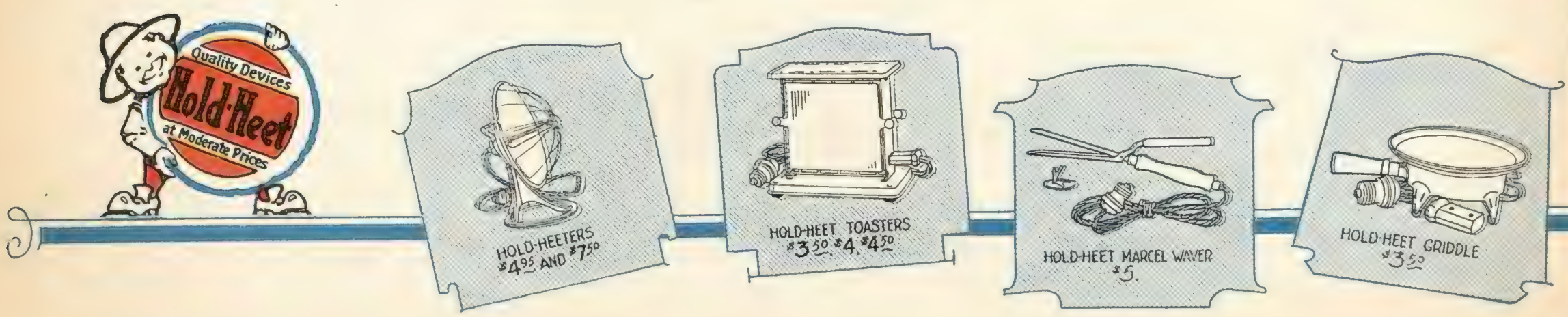

Heet

nteed Hold-Heet Element

$6.50 With Stand

IRON WITH THE COMFORT HANDLE

Hold-Heet ELECTRIC IRON

-Found in Quality Homes

O you smile when you iron? You will when you experience the thrill of iron- g with the Hold-Heet. Thousands of women ave proved that here is an iron that takes e drudgery out of ironing; it turns a long, ard, tiring task into a quick, easy job.

The famous Hold-Heet guaranteed ele- ent insures an iron that never cools down n heavy work, nor burns out when needed ost—that concentrates nearly all of the heat the bottom where it is needed—that keeps e handle cool—that uses only half as much rrent for ironing—that heats up ready for ght work in sixty seconds. Yes, Madam, at's what the famous Hold-Heet guaran- ed element means in a Hold-Heet iron.

And this is not all! The Hold-Heet iron is the only ctric iron with a steel bottom—all others are cast iron. steel bottom insures best heat conductivity—a oother, more highly polished surface that glides over work with greater speed and comfort.

And even this is not all! We have reserved the best ture of all until the last. The comfort-designed handle the Hold-Heet iron is as far superior to ordinary iron ndles as the vacuum cleaner is over the old-fashioned om. This scientifically designed handle is made to fit palm of the hand—no wrist and finger-tiring clutch is essary. A gentle push—not a lift nor a pull—and this utiful iron just glides over the work. It helps you ough your ironing in about half the usual time and u are not "all worn out" when you are finished. The e with which you can now iron with the Hold-Heet n with its comfort handle will prove a revelation.

Try a Hold-Heet iron on at least two full ironings— t it on your own ironing board in your own way. en—if you do not consider it the very best iron you r used, take it back to the dealer you bought it from, d he will gladly return the full purchase price. This is unusual guarantee of satisfaction, but the Hold-Heet an unusual iron. Regardless of how many irons you ve used, or what make of iron you are now using, you e it to yourself to try the Hold-Heet. Yes, you will ile when you iron—if you use a Hold-Heet iron—the n with the famous guaranteed Hold-Heet element and comfort handle. Your dealer can supply you.

COMPANY

Heating Devices

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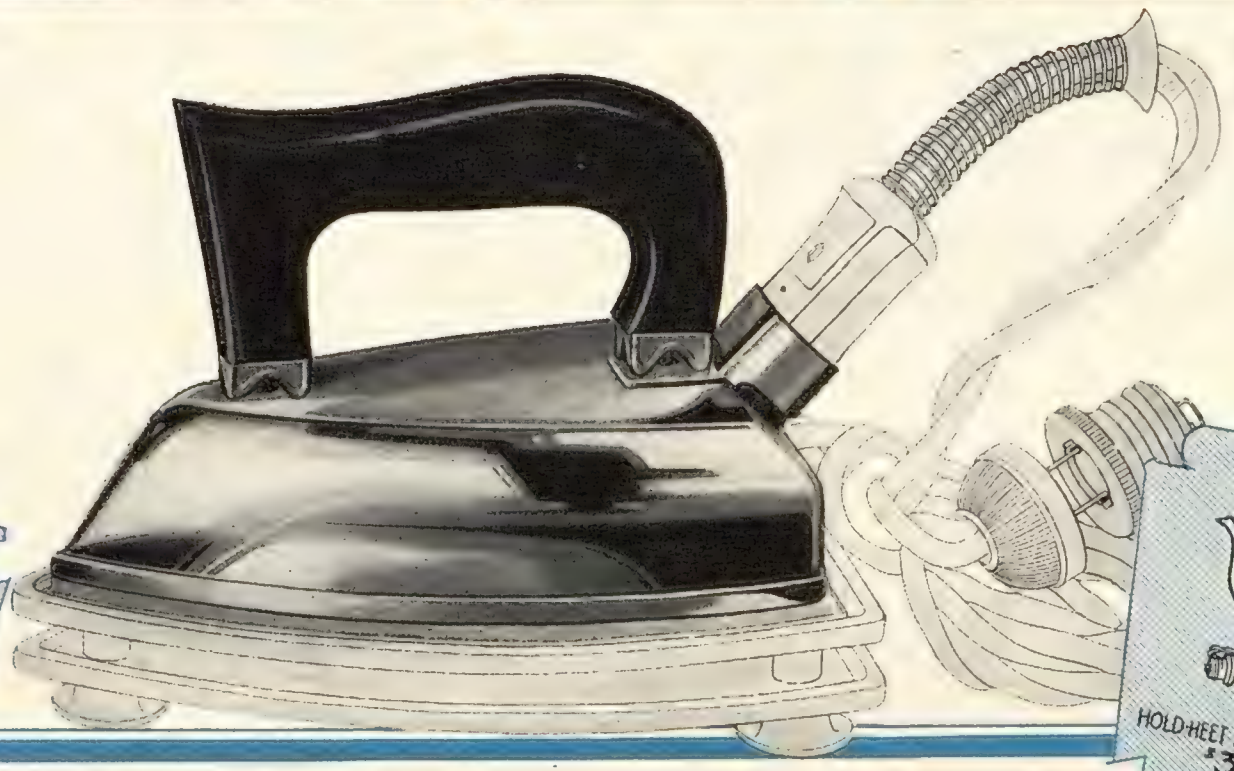
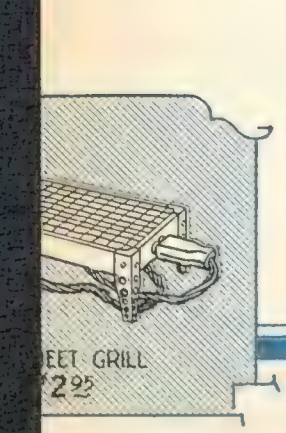
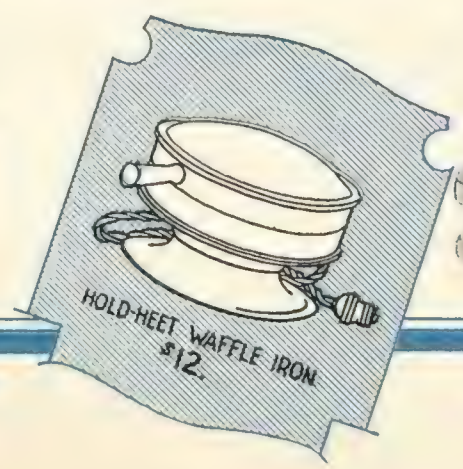
0 Duchess Street, Toronto



Look for This Moving Flashing Sign in Your Dealer's Window!

Watch the lady's arm glide gently back and forth. Note the ease of the stroke. It illustrates why the Hold-Heet Electric Iron takes the drudgery out of ironing.





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offers

$500.00

IN CASH PRIZES

for the best recipes or most practical uses of Sterno Canned Heat

1st Prize	2nd Prize	3rd Prize
$250.00	$100.00	$50.00

10 Prizes	50 Prizes
$5.00	$1.00

Grand Total, 63 Cash Prizes—Contest Closes August 31st

MILLIONS use Sterno for every form of cooking. Indoors and outdoors. Summer and Winter. Spring and Fall.

Sterno is concentrated fuel, in a convenient little can. Always ready for instant service. Thousands and thousands of people have Sterno Stove Outfits.

With Sterno, you can prepare hundreds of tempting dishes. Spaghetti; oyster stew; rice; vegetables; creamed chicken; lobster Newburg; many, many hot dishes. Boil, broil or fry. Make coffee, tea, soup, bacon and eggs.

You can use Sterno in sick room; nursery; for shaving; at college; at school; warming lunch at office, shop or factory. Light ironing; heat curling irons; hand irons; on trains; in hotels. Camping; picnics; motor trips; fishing; hunting; hiking; soldering, especially radio parts.

We are seeking new dishes, new practical uses, to recommend to Sterno owners. Send in your suggestion for a recipe or practical use for Sterno. Win a cash prize. You do not need to buy anything to compete. Simply write out your suggestion, sign it with name and address and mail to Contest Editor, Sterno Corporation, 9 East 37th Street, New York City. Contest closes August 31st.

Get full particulars and contest blanks from your dealer and start at once to win one of the above prizes

"m-m-dad'll like this!"

Sterno 4-piece Cooking Set

Special Price this Month Only **50¢**

Special Price Offer for U. S. Only—during the Contest those who have not a Sterno Stove outfit can secure this 4-piece Sterno Cooking Set, consisting of Stove, Extinguisher, can of Sterno Canned Heat, and Aluminum Boiler, a 75c value, all for 50c. In Canada, special price 75c, value $1.

Get it today at your dealer's, or send to us direct.

STERNO CANNED HEAT

10c per can
Far West 2 for **25c**
In Canada **15c**

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"THE DAILY FUEL OF A THOUSAND USES"

Sterno Corp., Dept. 290
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I could not get your outfit No. 43 at my dealer's, so enclose 50c for same, which please send me at once.

Name _____

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Ten Years

Married

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WHAT OF IT?

Here's a Cure for Drooping Spirits When Family Life Begins to Pall

By ELIZA WYNKOOP

Picture by C. CLYDE SQUIRES

SHE gets to talking to herself in the bathroom mirror: "Who are you, anyway? Nobody. Hardly anybody even knows what your name was before you were married."

WE WERE lunching with an old friend of my husband one hot Saturday in July. It had been stifling in our apartment all that week, and on the way uptown from the office, with my pay in my pocket, I bought an electric fan and carried it under my arm. It seemed rather a queer-looking bundle to bring to luncheon, and after I had met the friend and his wife I laughed and explained what it was and why I had it along.

The wife looked at me with an expression of wistfulness that in the next few years I got to recognize in many other women's eyes.

"I think you're perfectly wonderful," she said. "I wish *I* could do something."

I felt that I had been a bit ostentatious, perhaps, about my silly pay envelope, and hurried to change the subject. I thought then it was just that they needed more money, probably. But I think now that that wistful, meditative "I wish *I* could do something" has a far deeper reason, and I now know something that is good for it.

It is like this: After a woman has been married a few years and has had her children, and they are beginning to be away from home, at school part of the day, nearly every married woman has more or less of a crisis with herself.

Her husband is deep in his work. He is tired when he comes home. He loves her just as much as he ever did; if anyone asked him, he would say, "More than ever," and mean it; but he expects her to be just the same as she always has been, sympathetic, thoughtful, competent, jolly when he feels like being jolly, quiet when he feels like being quiet.

Probably she has spoiled him. Unless she really is sick, he never thinks about how she feels. As for her soul, he doesn't see why she isn't perfectly capable of looking after it herself. She always has.

She knows that she is worth more money at home than she could make outside. A woman has to have an unusually good salary if her children are to have as good supervision and her table as careful catering as she can give with one hand if she is at home. She is, then, valuable. She is beloved. She is necessary to her children. Why, then, does the young married woman wish she could "do something"?

About this time, this is the way she gets to talking to herself in the bathroom mirror, if she doesn't look out:

"Who are you, anyway? Nobody. You are Jim Smith's wife. Yes. Hardly anybody even knows what your name was before you were married. You are Mrs. James McTavish Smith.

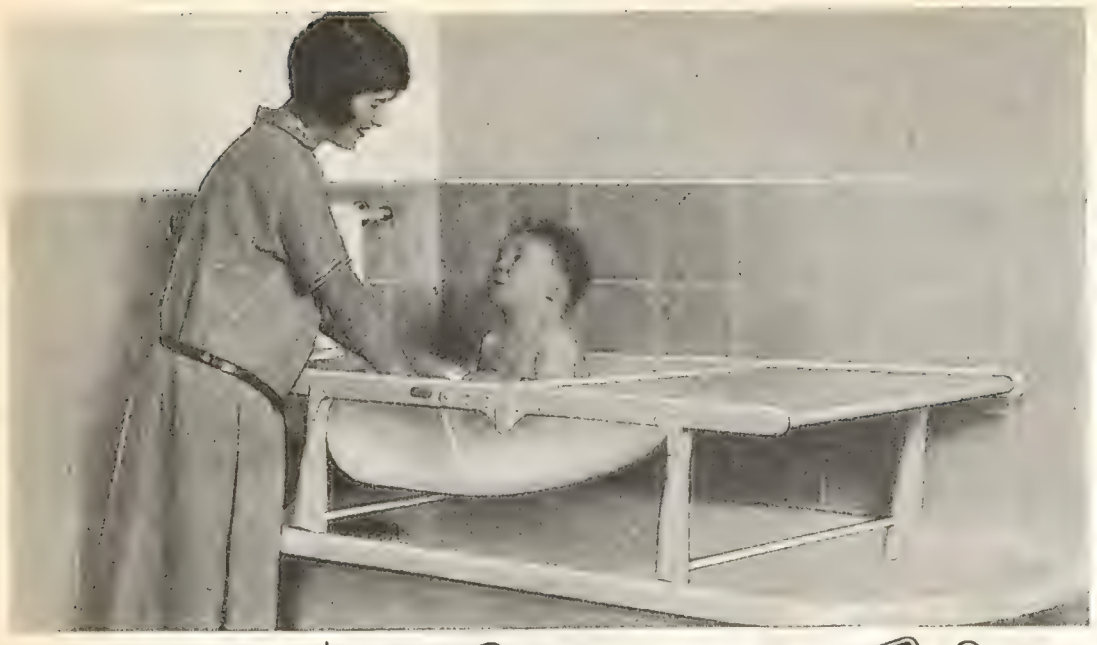
"You are the mother of little Emily Jane Smith, who is doing so nicely in Miss Jones's dancing class. You are the mother of that freckled little boy who spoiled Mrs. Palmer's lilac bush. You are old Jim Smith's daughter-in-law. (They say she can do anything with the old man.) Pooh! Seven gray hairs, a droop to your mouth, you silly thing. What is the matter with you? Who are you, anyway?"

This is the time when women, for no obvious reason, begin to find consistent fault with their husbands and with life in general. This is when they begin that horrible vampire habit of demanding attention from everyone around them. This is when, if they are not careful, they will lose forever their sons' respect by asking too much affection and too much confidence from the boys. This is the time when mothers make little liars out of their sons.

I have seen one woman cure herself of this ten-years-married disease, and it was as plucky and clever a piece of work as I have ever seen, and I have copied it and recommend it.

This friend of mine was finding life ex-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



One end is a baby-size rubber bath tub. The other half is a snow-white, soft dressing table. The adjustable legs fit on top of any bath tub.

Top-o'-Tub FOR BABY'S SCRUB

"Takes All the Work Out of the Happiest Half Hour"

Mother bathes Baby without any backaches from stooping or lifting. She dries, and powders, and dresses him on the Top-o'-Tub. It is handy for changing Baby, too.

After the bath, Mother removes the plug from the bottom of the Top-o'-Tub and lets the water run out into the big bath tub below. Then the Top-o'-Tub is folded and hung up out of the way.

May we send you free the Top-o'-Tub booklet?

We will tell you what store nearest you sells Top-o'-Tubs. Price very reasonable

STURGIS MANUFACTURING CO.
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Can DEMPSEY *still fight?*

Every fight fan will enjoy reading this newsy article about Jack the Champion, his new nose and his new pretty wife

In Next Week's

5c Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

AT ALL NEWSDEALERS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

tremely dull, and there seemed to be no particular way to change it. Her husband was succeeding, and taking every scrap of his brains and attention to do it with.

The children were looked after at school a large part of the day. There was no reason for spending any time and money fixing up the house in which they lived. The children's school bills took up all the slack of the income, even if the house had not been once fairly decently well furnished and decorated. She was on a board or two of some local charities, but she could not spend enough time or always be sure of having the time for the regular kind of volunteer social work.

She had no particular talents. She was not sick, but she was not strong. She had never been a husky person, particularly not since the babies were born. She was not interested in spending time playing cards around at other girls' houses, and then having to give a bridge party every so often herself. She couldn't spend more than just so much time on the children's clothes. There seemed to be no particular place she was going to. Who was she, anyway?

What she did was this. She makes pottery, not for sale, not even to decorate her own house with. But you should hear her talk about her work! Her face beams, and she looks like another woman.

ONE day a week, by careful scheming, she has arranged to go off to the studio of a woman who makes pottery, and spend the day. The entire day. No telephone, no children, no family. The other students are young girls, and while they at first were a little in awe of her—she wears very good clothes—she is now one of them. They all cook their lunches on the studio gas plate and have a wonderful time.

She works all day with her hands, creating something that she makes all by herself. She is Somebody and is judged entirely by what she does and what she herself is.

She tells me that she comes home from her day of hard creative work with her hands and her mind full of energy and pep, full of interest in the house and the children, ready for another week to take calmly any of the ups and downs of family life.

It is extraordinary how a little perfectly independent outside activity will brace your character. Say you have spent three or four years having babies, when you were an instrument only, and your first and only thought the health of your child. Then you spend several more years taking care of the delightful, demanding little animals. All the time you are doing everything you can to further your husband's career.

No wonder you wake up after ten years of it and realize that you are censoring every word you say and almost every thought you have, all for the good of your family.

IF you want to be a person at all, and have anything worth hearing to say to your husband when you take that trip around the world when you are fifty-five, you had better practice a little mental independence beforehand, a little standing up for your own opinions. You will find, if you stop to analyze it, that you have been agreeing with your husband and children about almost everything even when you didn't really agree at all, just for the sake of comfort and peace.

It doesn't matter in the least what you do, so long as it's something independent and making something all by yourself away from the family and on your own. I don't know why more women don't do that sort of thing when they are young. They don't realize their need till too late. And probably because a woman's life is diversified enough in its activities, though they may all be dull and recurrent enough, she thinks she must be getting real variety. She doesn't begin to get the creative fun out of life that a man gets out of a career, at best.

If she tries too hard to make her children her monument she defeats her own ends and they leave her flat, because of her meddlesome devotion, the first chance they get.

A hobby is the thing, and the time to get it is when you are young. Then you needn't go around wishing you could "do something." You *can* do something, and you *are* somebody. Don't let marriage make you believe you're not.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago.

She'll Be a Regular Vamp

Phyllis was five years old and quite proud in the possession of a "beau," Gordon, also five. One day she was playing with Gordon and another little boy. She came in later to her mother and sighed in quite a sophisticated manner:

"Mother, what on earth do you do when two men tell you they love you?"—M. M., Toronto, Can.

Well, Now, Maybe, He's Right!

We had for a guest a man who plays a trombone in an orchestra. One evening he was holding little James on his lap, while we were talking about music and orchestras.

James asked him what he played. He answered, "The trombone."

"Why," asked James, "don't you play something people like to hear?"—J. R. E., Ottawa, Ohio.

THE WINNER

of Liberty's

$50,000.00

PRIZE SERIAL-STORY CONTEST

will be announced

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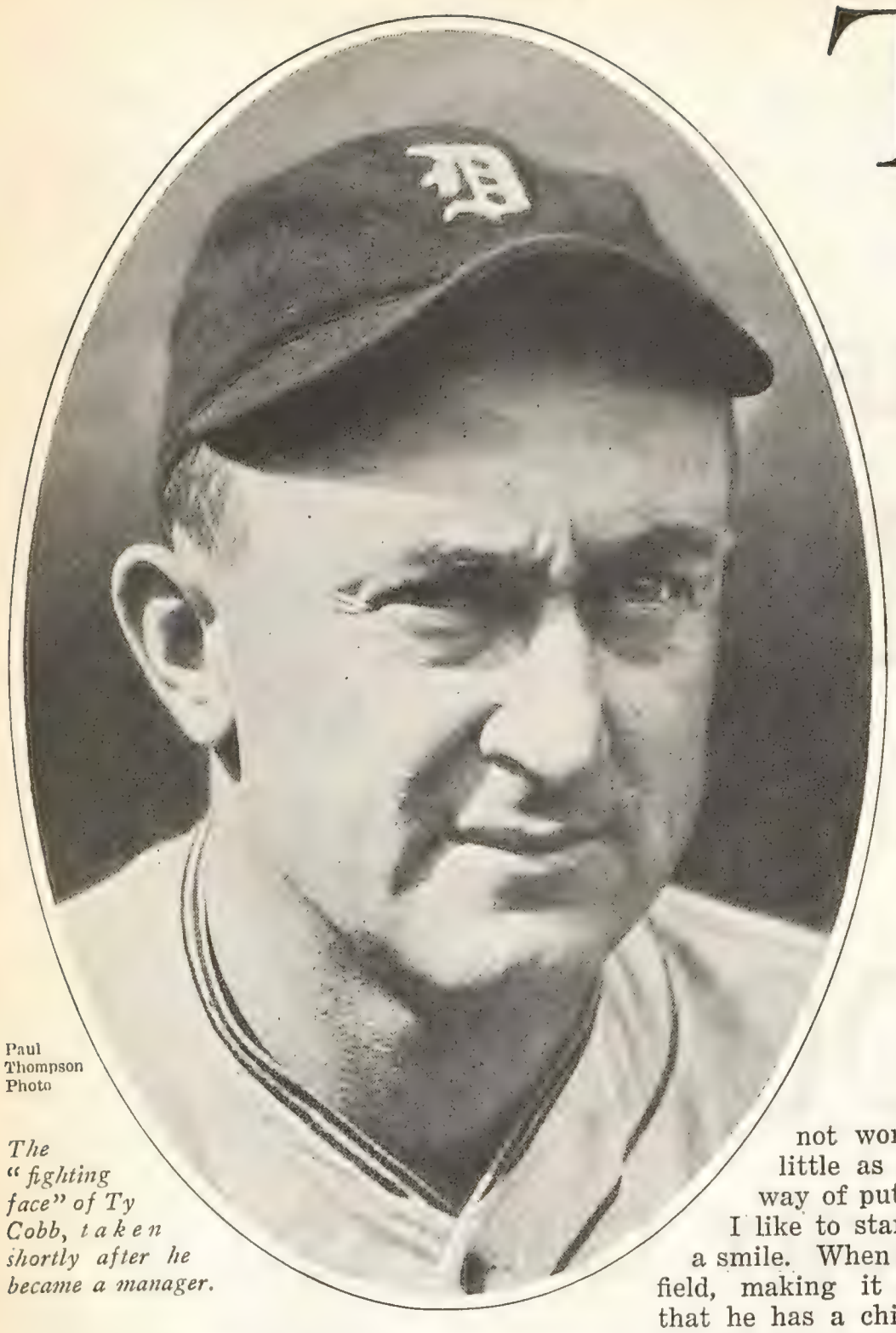
5¢ Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Don't Miss This Important Announcement.
To Avoid Disappointment Order Next Week's
Liberty *in Advance* - from Your Newsdealer.

TWENTY YEARS A *Big League* UMPIRE



Paul Thompson Photo

The "fighting face" of Ty Cobb, taken shortly after he became a manager.

THAT FAMOUS FIST FIGHT WHICH MADE COBB AND EVANS FRIENDS!

UMPIRE EVANS' praise of Ty Cobb in this article and his statement regarding how easily Cobb may be handled prove the ease with which baseball battles are forgotten.

Cobb and Evans once engaged in one of the most desperate fist fights in the history of the game. The fight took place after a game in Detroit, and details of it are muddled, since there were few spectators and the principals do not talk of it. Both sides—or, rather, their backers—claim the victory, and the accepted version among American League players is that Cobb had a shade the better of it. Since that fight, more than four years ago, Evans and Cobb have been on good terms, and each greatly admires the other—until they differ as to a decision.

ALTHOUGH this is the concluding installment of a series of reminiscences, it is a complete article in itself, dealing with a single topic suggested by Billy Evans' host of experiences. For his concluding word Billy Evans gives us his "inside" views on the work of an umpire, as he has learned it through two decades of experience.

CHAPTER X.

CONFESSIONS OF AN UMPIRE

BASEBALL fans usually picture the umpire as a man of mystery, an Ishmaelite of the game, his hand against everyone and everyone's hand against him. It is generally believed the umpire leads the life of a recluse, cannot travel on the same trains, live in the same hotels, or associate with players. There is much that is mythical and some that is true in these ideas.

I'm going to take the fans back of the scenes and try to wipe out some of the delusions relative to the men who call them and whose slogan is:

"Call 'em; right or wrong, but call 'em as you see 'em."

Fans regard perfect eyesight as an umpire's most necessary asset. This despite the fact that the moment you start umpiring it is the consensus of fans that you are blind. While good eyesight is essential, it is just one of the assets needed by the successful umpire. In my opinion there are others equally important.

First of all, I believe the right mental attitude is paramount. An umpire must believe in himself. He must also feel that the players believe in him. He must like his work and try his very best to hold a kindly attitude toward the players under his jurisdiction. He must not worry; or, perhaps, worry as little as possible would be a better way of putting it.

I like to start every ball game wearing a smile. When an umpire walks out on the field, making it appear from his manner that he has a chip on his shoulder, the ball player immediately issues a challenge. There is far too much trouble on the ball field without looking for it. I start every ball game firm in the belief that everything is going to be all right, that the players are going to accept my decisions with little or no protest.

To me every ball player I have ever come into contact with is a gentleman until he proves otherwise. On the whole, such a theory has worked out successfully. There are the exceptions, but they are in the vast minority.

I give the judgment of the player consideration, do not pass his protest off with a wave of the hand and inform him the play wasn't even close when both of us know it was decidedly so. I simply impress on him the fact that I am out on the field to give official decisions and the ruling I rendered was according to the way I saw the play.

Sometimes when I have called a play differently from the way anyone else saw it, without openly admitting I was in error, I ask the player if he ever made a mistake, if his fielding and batting averages are always 1.000. This usually has the desired effect.

This brings me to a question that I am asked hundreds of times every year:

"Does an umpire ever make a decision and immediately realize he has made a mistake? If so, why not change the decision and rectify the error?"

In reply I am going to make a rather startling answer, which I will then try to explain. In all my years of umpiring never at the instant of rendering a decision on the bases, or a ball or strike, has there been the slightest doubt in my mind as to the correctness of the ruling. By that I mean to say as I wave the man out or safe the play looks just that way to me. Perhaps a fraction of a second after I have made my ruling the element of doubt may enter into it. Then it is too late.

Plays in which the ball arrives well in advance of the runner are always trouble makers for the umpire. The spectator watches the flight of the ball; if it beats the runner to the bag the natural inference is he is out. The question of whether the runner was properly touched gets little or no consideration. That is why an umpire is often severely criticized, when he makes what umpires (but no one else) consider a great decision.

The moment an umpire tries to dope out in his mind whether or not the runner will beat the play he invites trouble. For that reason in calling plays on the bases I erase the runner from the picture. I follow the ball and await the coming of the runner to the base where the play is being made, usually turning my back to him.

CALLING plays too quickly, due to anticipating the result, rather than waiting for the actual completion, is a besetting fault of most umpires. To avoid such a thing I make it a practice to fold my arms or clasp my hands together in such a way that I will not be waving the player out or safe according to the dictates of the subconscious mind. I make my decision, then do my waving.

Most persons who have never umpired cannot understand why an umpire does not reverse his decision when he is reasonably sure he has erred. The answer is that a vacillating umpire has no chance to establish a confidence with the player, thereby commanding his respect, right or wrong. Perhaps more important, however, is the fact that a large percentage of the decisions rendered by umpires are so close that often it is about a fifty-fifty proposition. If an umpire made a practice of changing his decisions the players would

The Inside Story of One of the Most Famous Careers in Baseball

By BILLY EVANS

Who Has Umpired More Than 3,000 Games in the American League

Wide World Photo

TY COBB as he is today—"still going strong" after practically two decades of stardom.

soon lose all respect for his judgment, would be constantly kicking, whether he was right or wrong, and the game would take on the nature of a farce.

An umpire must at all times have the courage of his convictions if he is to hold the respect of the players. He must call them as he sees them and then, right or wrong, ride through on his judgment.

It has been my experience that the better ball players, I might say the stars of the game, are the easiest to handle. The mediocre player with limited possibilities, the veteran who is slipping, and the youngster who is being carried away by his own self-importance, are by far the hardest to manage.

THE player with ability realizes the umpire is a part of the game, earning a livelihood in the same profession, and is content for the most part to let him render his decisions without any serious difference of opinion.

It is unusual for great pitchers like Cy Young, Mathewson, Johnson, Alexander, and others of that type to take issue with the umpire. Occasionally they might offer a slight protest to some ruling on balls or strikes, and when they do the umpire usually begins to doubt the correctness of the ruling, for he knows the protest is based on an honest belief.

Ty Cobb is the only player remaining in the American League of the hundreds who comprised its personnel when I made my debut twenty years ago. Over that time I have had only one serious difference of opinion with him, the result of a general misunderstanding. When Cobb was at the peak of his game he seldom gave an umpire an easy decision on the bases. No doubt he was often called out when he was safe and vice versa. Yet he accepted the rulings with few outbursts.

Not until Cobb became manager of the Detroit club did he have any serious trouble with the American League umpire staff. The combined duties of manager as well as star player, the additional responsibilities, made for Cobb a greater difference of opinion with umpires than he ever had as player.

The keen mind of Cobb as manager couldn't always get itself on a level with some player who failed to make the proper play, pulled a "bone." From his position in center field Cobb would often trot in to take to task the player who had offended. Such a performance took time, delayed the game. The umpires received orders from President Johnson that such a practice would have to be cut down to the minimum if not actually stopped.

I didn't see the Detroit club for several weeks after the order had been issued and I noted that Ty had been chased several times because he persisted in jogging in from center field. To threaten Cobb with expulsion merely stirs up trouble and he invariably causes you so to act. I decided that if Cobb persisted in coming in from center field when I met up with his club I would have to adopt other tactics than strong-arm methods. He didn't disappoint me.

My assignment called for me to umpire a series at Philadelphia with Detroit. Now, there are certain times when it is absolutely necessary that a manager confer with his players. Twice Cobb came in from center field, and was justified in so doing. About the fifth inning he made a trip in simply to take someone to task for pulling the wrong play. Philadelphia has always been a troublesome city for Ty and the fans were "razzing" his tactics. After he had finished I called him over and said:

"Ty, you are well aware that the umpires have a bulletin about your wearing a path from center field to the pitcher's box on all the American League parks." He smiled slightly.

"You also know part of this crowd is on you and would be tickled if I sent you to the clubhouse. A majority of the crowd, however, came out to see you play. No one came out to see me umpire. My drawing power today is limited to a pass for two." The smile widened a bit.

"Such being the case, I don't want to chase you unless you give me no other alternative. I've got my orders and if you persist in disobeying them there is nothing left for me to do but banish you if I want to keep on umpiring in the American League."

Cobb was on his way to the outfield before I had finished. He realized I was trying to be reasonable and not once during the rest of the series did we have the slightest disagreement.

Because Babe Ruth is such an outstanding star people are always asking me how I get along with him. I like the Babe. He doesn't always agree with my decisions. I have had him yell murder on a perfect third strike and have had him walk quietly away when I called him out on a strike that I regarded as questionable the moment after I had made the final decision. The Babe is just a big, impulsive kid, perhaps the most colorful character the game has ever known, a national idol.

Last summer, in a game at Washington, I called Babe out on what I regarded as a perfect third strike, a curve ball, waist high, right through the heart of the plate. Walter Johnson, with the count three balls and two strikes, slipped over a curve, while the Babe was set for a fast one. As I called "Strike three!" Ruth turned around and asked, "What did you call that one?"

"Strike three," I replied. "That's all there is; there isn't any more."

I DOUBT if Babe appreciated Ethel Barrymore's favorite line as applied to the third strike, for he responded by throwing his bat high in the air. I do not doubt but that he established an altitude record for bat tossing. Without the slightest show of emotion, although inwardly I was burning up, I said:

"You're through for the day. That toss just about qualified you for the javelin throw in the Olympic Games. You're on the way to Europe now as far as I am concerned."

"Do you mean that I am out of the ball game?"

"Precisely! Now, go on back to your bench, take a drink of water, put on your sweater, take a chew of tobacco, and on your way to the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

JAMES OLIVER
CURWOOD

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

cluhouse don't stop at the home plate and renew the argument with me."

That is the usual procedure when a player is put out of the game to show his disgust and disapproval to the fans. Ruth did all of them, even to stopping at the plate.

"That was a great strike," was his greeting as he passed me on his way to the clubhouse.

"I thought it was. I am so glad you liked it."

"I just wanted to compliment you again before leaving."

"I really don't deserve it. Save those nice things for Walter Johnson. He threw the ball. I'll see you tomorrow."

"I never won an argument in my life from one of those guys, 'Muddy,'" said the Babe as he switched the conversation from me to Ruel, the Washington catcher.

Walter Pipp, who followed Ruth in the New York batting order, was almost directly back of the plate when I called Ruth out, in an excellent position to follow the ball. The following day, when Ruth was thrown out at first base, where I was umpiring, he remarked, as he walked past me:

"Well, I guess I'm going blind. Pipp tells me that third one yesterday was right through the plate, waist high."

Twenty-four hours prior Ruth would have shot someone rather than make such an admission.

PANTOMIME is the thing to which all umpires object. It is baseball precedent that certain acts of pantomime call for instant ejection from the game. By this I mean throwing glove, bat, or hat in the air after an adverse decision, making a gesture of the nose that conveys the thought of an unpleasant odor, taking hold of the umpire and shoving him around, offering up a prayer after an unfavorable ruling, and scores of other antics telling the world the umpire is terrible.

No umpire has any serious objection to a verbal complaint that is properly couched. Such a difference of opinion is known only to player and umpire. However, when the player through the medium of pantomime tells the same story to the umpire, he is sure to get the gate.

The wonderful new parks have done more to improve the status of the umpire than any other one reform. The new stadiums have changed conditions. A majority of the rabid four-bit fans are now so far away from the scene of action that you need a field glass to get a close-up. Few have strong enough voices to make the umpire hear what they think of him. It is a physical impossibility for them to throw anything that will come even close to the mark.

I am going to erase a delusion I am sure is pretty well set in the mind of every fan. There is no major league rule that prevents the umpire from stopping at the same hotel or traveling on the same train as the ball players. This is entirely erroneous. The umpire is fancy free to do as he pleases after the ball game or before it.

I might add, however, that it is a rarity for an umpire to stay at the same hotel as the visiting ball club. Living at the same hotel with the player is bad from every angle.

FOR instance, the umpire calls some star out on a close play at the plate. Had he been called safe it would have meant the ball game. The star kicks strenuously and is chased from the field. The dispute waxes so warm that it all but ends in blows.

For several hours after the game both may be boiling over as a result of the incident. Staying at the same hotel, there would always be a chance of umpire and player meeting, and in all probability the episode of the afternoon would be renewed. This would be unfortunate, as the outcome might be unpleasant for both and a detriment to the best interests of the game. Staying at different hotels, not seeing each other for twenty-four hours, often does much to relieve the tenseness.

It is not at all unusual for the umpires to travel on the same train as the players. However, the umpires find it a good policy to see that they are assigned to some sleeper other than the one occupied by the team or teams, as the case may be. If a team happens to be in a slump and has lost seven or eight straight games in which you have been one of the umpires, the players are anything but congenial and you are the "jinx." If they have been enjoying a winning streak you are welcome; they regard you as a "mascot."

To the umpire the worst pest in all the world is the person who, in all seriousness, asks him who is going to win the game. I either pass them by unnoticed or follow the system of the late Jack Sheridan, who, after some little hesitation, would confidentially whisper to the inquiring fan that the team that made the most runs would positively win. Inside stuff, quiet sarcasm that usually did the work.

Now you have the inside stuff on major league umpires. If tired of your job and seeking excitement in its various forms, take up the profession of a baseball arbiter. There is a big field for competent men. In a population of over one hundred and ten million persons there are just twenty major league umpires. The salary is big and the hours from three to five only. Pretty soft!

THE END

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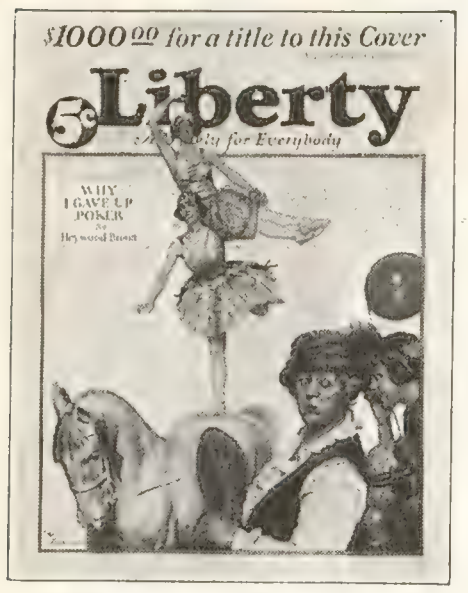
Be sure to ask for the double-strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

We recommend Othine Complexion Soap for use with Othine, also as a shampoo—it's wonderful for bobbed hair—25c a cake at all drug or department stores or by mail. Othine Laboratories, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

Here Are This Week's Winners in Liberty's $1,000 Cover Contest



The cover for which the winning titles were written.

The Winning Titles Submitted for the Cover We Published on July 11 Are as Follows:

First Prize—$500—*Caught in the Act of a Daring Holdup*
Mrs. M. Dietz, 2619 Sloatfield Ave., Baltimore, Md.

Second Prize—$250—*Parent, but Not Transparent*
Mrs. W. W. Brown, 3009 Bryant Ave., South, Minneapolis, Minn.

Third Prize—$100—*Predicting an Early Fall with no Reins (Rains)*
Miss Charlotte Calderwood, 165 9th St., Wellsburg, W. Va.

Fourth Prize—$50—*High-hatting Her*
Lana M. Root, 1235 N. Orange, Stockton, Calif.

Fifth Prize—$25—*A "Tight" Situation*
Alice Kadow, 309 Mitchell St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Sixth Prize—$25—*Feminine Uplift*
Theodore Geiger, care Acme International X-Ray Co., 310 West Chicago Ave., Chicago.

Seventh Prize—$25—*Three Feet Above Sea (See) Level*
Letha C. Mabry, 403 Pine St., Trinidad, Colo.

Eighth Prize—$25—*In Back of a Broad Back, Missing the "Barebacks"*
Lester E. McCloy, 13419 Milan Ave., East Cleveland, Ohio.

Can You Suggest a Title for This Week's Cover?

$1,000 a Week in Eight Big Cash Prizes

WRITE a title to the cover picture of this number and win one of the eight big cash prizes offered this week. You will note that the picture of the "firemen saving the child" has no title. Jot down your idea for a title to the picture on the coupon below; write a letter of not more than one hundred words giving your opinion of the cover, and mail it in. Each week's cover is a separate contest and is open to every man, woman, boy, and girl, except employees of Liberty and their families. You can enter any or all of them. All titles submitted will receive equal consideration. Mail the coupon today and watch for your name among the winners!

Here is next week's cover picture. The scene is at a ball game, and the young woman is holding a score card. Start selecting a title for it now to send in on Coupon No. 12.

HERE ARE THE RULES:

1. Each week Liberty is printing on its cover a picture without a name. (See cover of this issue.) Each picture will be by a celebrated artist and will tell a story. The public is invited to suggest titles for these cover pictures. Liberty will pay $1,000 in cash each week for the best answers.

2. Eight cash prizes will be paid each week as follows:

1st Prize	$ 500.00
2nd Prize	250.00
3rd Prize	100.00
4th Prize	50.00
5th to 8th Prizes—($25 each)	100.00
TOTAL	$1,000.00

3. This contest is open to every man, woman, boy, and girl, except employees of Liberty and their families.

4. Each entry must contain the following:
   (a) A title suggestion in ten words or less.
   (b) A statement in not more than 100 words telling why you like, or do not like, the cover picture.

5. Contestants may submit as many titles as they wish. Use the accompanying coupon or a separate sheet of paper.

6. All entries for this week's contest must be sent to "Covers," care of Liberty, Post-office Box 1123, Chicago, Illinois, and must be in this office by midnight of August 22. No entries will be returned. The winners will be announced in Liberty as soon thereafter as possible.

7. Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

8. Originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, neatness and form will count. Entries will be judged first by the title suggestion submitted, and second by the reason for liking or disliking the cover picture.

9. The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty and their decision will be final. If more than one contestant submits the same title suggestion and reasons for liking or disliking the cover, and if such entries are submitted in an equally clear, concise and neat form, a duplicate award will be paid to each such tying contestant.

Here Is the Winner of Ballot No. 5

In Our Contest Entitled

"$1 a Word for 100 Words!"

R. Aran, 218 Hawthorne Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., wrote the letter which was awarded the $100 prize this week in connection with ballot No. 5, published in the issue of July 11. The winning letter reads:

I LIKE *ADVENTURE* stories (when they do not abound in fantastic and unreal situations) because they make me feel that I am the hero, or, at least, that I could do what he does if I cared to.

I like to read stories where the man faces danger, encounters perils, conquers all difficulties and receives at the end the reward which he deserves: the love of a woman.

These stories stir me, keep me in suspense and, when finished, leave me thrilled as if I had participated in the plot.

Next Week: Winner of Ballot No. 6!

Use the Coupon. You May Win One of the Eight Big Prizes!

COUPON *for* COVER TITLE CONTEST

"COVERS," No. 11
Liberty, Post-office Box 1123, Chicago, Illinois.

My suggestion for a title for the Liberty cover of August 15 is:.....

.....

WRITE YOUR TITLE HERE

(On another sheet of paper write not more than 100 words telling why you like or do not like this cover. Attach to this coupon and mail it.)

NAME .....

STREET ADDRESS .....

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ANOTHER $1,000.00 NEXT WEEK!

Light Materials *in* Gay Shades *for* Midsummer

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND TEN CENTS

By PATRICIA

EXCEEDINGLY charming style tendencies of the hour, introducing the newest designs suitable for country club, town, or afternoon wear, are pictured on this page. With the many attractive silk and woolen materials on display in the shops, always inviting you to make still another frock, the foresighted woman will select at least one of these smart designs.

A dainty and practical apron of pretty cretonne is designed in pattern No. 2051. Note the diagram! Cuts entirely in one piece; slips on over the head and buttons at sides. This design is particularly desirable because it will not slip off the shoulders. Comes in small, medium, and large sizes, and requires only 2 yards of 32 or 36-inch material for the medium size.

A delightfully cool frock of peach-colored silk crepe with slightly molded bodice and becoming flare fullness in its tucked skirt sections is shown in pattern No. 2396. Plain or flowered georgette crepe, chiffon, crepe faille, satin crepe, or suede cashmere would be smart for summer or fall wear. The pattern cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size takes 4 yards of 36-inch material.

French voile, in pastel tints, crisp dimities, striped wash silk, chambray, or gingham would be appropriate for pattern No. 2075, a charming style for girls of 6, 8, 10, 12, or 14 years for summer and school wear. The 8-year size takes 2⅜ yards of 36-inch with ⅜ yard of 11-inch white and ¼ yard of 32-inch blue material.

Style No. 2481 is a tailored model of violet silk crepe with trimming bands in a darker shade. This is a particularly easy frock to make and an easy one to wear. Silk chambray, printed silk, satin crepe, the ever charming polka-dot silk, or flannel would be very youthful for this design. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size takes 2⅞ yards of 36-inch with ⅜ yard of 27-inch contrasting material.

No outfit can be quite complete without one sports frock at least! Style No. 2321 is a one-piece slip-on model of gay plaid wash silk, accented with a large tie. It boasts side inverted plaits which add fullness to its hemline. Choose crepe de Chine, crepe satin, bengaline silk, flannel, kasha, or twill for summer and fall wear. This pattern cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size takes 3 yards of 40-inch material with ¼ yard of 18-inch blue and ⅝ yard of 18-inch white material.

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Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

Several Chic Coiffures and *the* New Jacket!

By Mary Brush Williams

GOOD model for a large woman. A summer dress can be utilized for the foundation. The model is a print in red, black, and white, which shows at vest, skirt, and sleeves. Coat effect is of flat crepe or wool rep. Four panels of the skirt are tucked and the edges are bound.

AT the left is a formal blouse to accompany a crepe de Chine or a serge skirt. All-over embroidery on brocade makes the front of this model and the yoke in the back. The sleeves and the back are of georgette. The back is done in tuck almost the full length, and when these are releasd they supply the current demand for back fullness. The dress at the right is of crepe-back satin with an apron front made of four circular godets, pointed at the top. At the back is what the designer calls a "kick" plait, topped with a dapper tailored bow. There is also a lingerie vest and scarf tie.

COAT and a low girdle of satin on velvet with a chiffon, georgette, or printed silk frock left over from summer. The vest effect, the collar, and the plaited bib are very new.

I WAS at a dance for young girls the other night at the Embassy Club, and I don't think I saw a bobbed head in the room. The nearest approach to it was the highly conservative coiffure of a young woman who was for eleven years an American-born Italian countess living in the staid city of Rome, and was now bringing all of her old-world poise to our somewhat noisy new-world society.

With her dark hair carefully *éfilé*, or cut to the shape of her head, the curving half moons barely indicated over the ears, and her gracious, slender body clothed in a straight-lined Chanel evening dress, heavy and scaled (like armor) in beading with opal tints prevailing—she was a personality indeed. But for the rest, some of the girls had their hair closely clipped like a boy's, others had theirs done in little knots, or doughnuts, in a row, circling the nape of the neck from ear to ear.

The hole, I can tell you, was an important part of the reproduction, for styles die such sudden deaths that the hair can't keep pace with fashion's swing, and it has been only a short time since the order went out to keep it bobbed or *éfilé*.

The other coiffures were all prickly with little bristling ends, sticking out like a cat's whiskers, and all the invisible pins in the dressing room could not hold them down. Meantime they say Monsieur Antoine, on the Rue Cambon, maker of styles in hair arrangements, is cutting bangs.

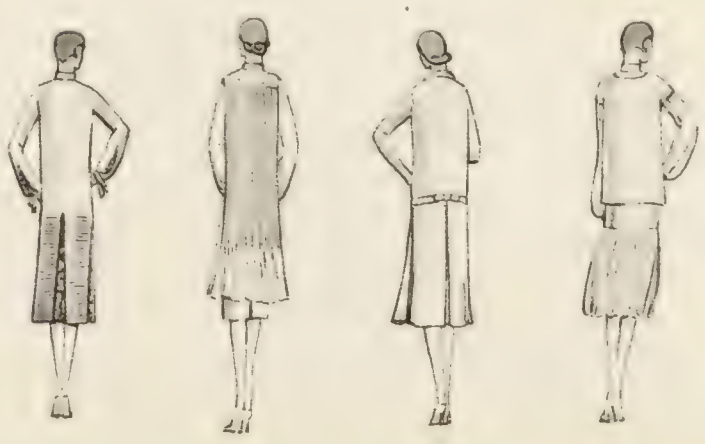
We have evidently accepted his mandate regarding bangs less reluctantly than the other about the doughnuts, for last night nearly every forehead was fringed with short bangs, and they make a gracious hanging for the finely chiseled chins of our young girls.

As we are perhaps aware, the doughnuts should be three in number and swing from ear to ear. And, if you do not fancy them, you can compromise with almost any hammock effect covering the area named.

And meantime long hair is far from being an accepted style. Maybe we shall decline ever to have it again. One of the pictures shows an up-to-date hair-cut with the back trimmed even closer and the ear of hair lapping out even more flagrantly over the cheek.

Meantime, in the intervals during bridge deals and dance numbers, I heard a good many whispered words regarding fall styles and what to do about them. Many of these ladies are going to Paris with their daughters for reconnoitering, now that the openings are all but over and styles settling. Meantime here are models with very new ideas incorporated in them. Of all I heard talked about I think the most welcome innovation was the jacket shown as a part of one of these dresses.

This one happens to be of velvet, and it can be made as a part of a new dress, or it can go over the blazing futuristic fantasies of the season passing, thus carrying the dress as an active factor into one's wardrobe through the late fall—or, indeed, for so long as it shall last. The long coat over the print is modeled after a design of Drecoll for the same purpose of rejuvenating the summer print.



The World in Their HEART

A New Serial of Reckless Youth and the Sinister Shadow of the Law

By

ROYAL BROWN

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER

WHO'S WHO IN THE SECOND INSTALLMENT

MR. AND MRS. MURCHIE, *conservative Bostonians, dignified by Mr. Murchie's position as under-partner in the well-known firm of the Mallinson-Jones-Mallinson Company, are baffled by their daughter*

DOROTHY, *a pretty young dare-devil, who, chasing excitement, gets into strange escapades. One Saturday night, after a dance with its full quota of flasks and flirtations, she goes joy-riding with two men and a girl. Her escort is*

RANNY MAINWARING, *an attractive Southerner. In a fit of drunken bravado he flourishes a pistol, which Dorothy snatches away. Several shots are fired, apparently without damage, and Dorothy believes that a tragedy has been narrowly averted. She does not know that*

KIM MALLINSON, *who is driving the car, has been pierced by several bullets. Kim is the son of the acting head of Mallinson-Jones-Mallinson. As soon as he has taken the girls home he collapses over the steering wheel. This Dorothy learns Sunday morning when she hears by telephone from*

NANCY SUMMERS, *the fourth on the wild auto party. Nancy adds that Kim is dying, and asks Dorothy to go with her to New York. Dorothy packs frantically, taking the gun she had snatched from Ranny. She dashes into a taxi, leaving a stunned father and mother to hear the full story of the shooting from the lips of a*

REPORTER FROM THE LEDGER, *who tells them that a waiter at the hotel where Dorothy had been dancing had overheard a conversation in which she had threatened to shoot Kim Mallinson.*

"YOU say my daughter threatened to shoot Kim Mallinson?" Mr. Murchie demanded. The choking sensation he was experiencing became acute. He clutched at his collar as he made a movement toward the reporter.

"That's a lie!" he shouted. "I—I—get out of here before I throw you out!"

"Keep your shirt on," advised the reporter, coolly. "I'm tipping you off to something that even the police haven't got wind of yet, I think. And I advise you as a friend to come down to earth and get hold of yourself before the police appear and ask questions—as they will."

Of course he was not actually a friend. Yet Mr. Murchie realized that he spoke with sincerity, even with a suspicion of sympathy.

"I—I——" he articulated weakly, and then sagged into a chair.

Sabbath peace! None of it was left apparent in the Murchie household when the young man from the *Ledger* retired to further cross-examination of the switchboard operator.

"What did they say?" demanded the switchboard operator at once.

"Oh, the usual song and dance," he replied. "Say, where did Dorothy get her taxi from?"

The switchboard operator told him at once. She liked this young man a lot.

"Do you suppose he's dead yet?" she added.

"I'll call the office," he assured her, and did so.

The city editor answered his question.

"Doherty is at the hospital, and he'll flash the news the minute he dies," he said. "Haven't heard from him recently, so I guess Mallinson is still about the same. But there's no hope, Doherty says. What have you got?"

"Interview with the Murchies. I'm going after the taxi driver now."

"Good enough. It's a bear of a story. Keep me posted."

HIS first glimpse of Dorothy's face brought him to his feet. "What's happened?" he demanded. Dorothy dropped her suitcase. "About everything that could!" she answered.

"I will," promised the young man from the *Ledger*.

Less than thirty minutes later he called the office again:

"She went to the Back Bay Station," he reported, "and it's a bet she took the ten o'clock to New York. Better have the Providence correspondent get aboard when the train reaches there and see what he can dig out of her."

"Fine!" applauded his chief.

Nevertheless Dorothy was not, after all, on the train to New York, or any other train.

For the first time in her life she was facing a situation that left her utterly disorganized.

Excitement was what she craved always. If she could, she would even have ridden life with a roweling spur, to make it go faster. She had never dreamed that it would or could move too fast for her—run away with her. This morning it was doing just that.

The interlude in the taxi at least gave her a chance to try to subdue pure panic and to think consecutively, if chaotically.

The possibility of Kim actually dying she refused to consider. She thrust the thought from her almost with violence.

Kim wouldn't die. This she assured herself again and again. And just as often she tried to tell herself that even—even if he did—it would be his own fault.

Ever since Dorothy had met Kim Mallinson, the sovereignty she had always held over his sex had been disputed. The very quality of his appraising glance had been a challenge. He pierced her armor of airy nonchalance, disrupted her cool self-possession. Conflict was inevitable.

Last night, for instance.

If Kim had not been one of the party the efforts of Ranny to monopolize her might not have been so cordially seconded by her. As it was, Kim's imperturbable, amused glance had, as always, acted upon her like a spur. She had flirted with Ranny. Flirted outrageously through dinner, at the theater, and at the hotel to which they had adjourned for light refreshment and dancing.

The result had been that Ranny, toward midnight, had begun to consider her his exclusive possession and to monopolize her dances, although he was in no condition to dance.

KIM, moving with his usual leisurely assurance, had finally cut in at a moment when Dorothy was very obviously experiencing heavy weather with Ranny.

Dorothy had surrendered herself to Kim perforce, but she expressed no gratitude for his intervention.

"You might at least say thank you," he hazarded.

"For what?" she demanded, with an air of lazy lack of interest.

"For removing the body of your latest victim, now that you've gotten him—almost literally—at your feet!"

"Aren't you assuming a lot?"

Kim glanced down at her; in spite of herself her eyes met his.

"What an amusing child you are!" he commented. And added as the music stopped, "But unless this is to be continued in our next we'll have to achieve solitude somewhere. Ranny has his eye upon you. He's coming to reclaim you——"

This Dorothy realized, and in spite of herself she was not averse to a respite from Ranny. But she was careful to conceal this under a mask of mockery.

"Oh, of course, I am perishing with curiosity," she said. "Don't keep me in suspense——"

"I shan't," he assured her. And, coolly enough, he guided her through a door that was plainly not intended for the use of the guests and which led them into some sort of a service passageway, where they were quite alone.

"Well?" challenged Dorothy, lovely, mocking, and a shade defiant.

Kim deliberately lit a cigarette before answering.

"Of course," he said, "you must know that you're an outrageous little flirt——"

"That has been hinted before, I believe. Is that all you have to offer?"

"And," he added, "an awfully transparent little flirt at that."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, take Ranny, for instance. It's so evident that you're just trailing him behind your chariot for effect."

"Effect? On who?"

"You should say 'whom,'" he reminded her. And added, "Assuming some more, I should say effect on me."

That took her by sheer surprise.

"What?" she gasped.

He exhaled smoke leisurely.

"Your voice suggests neither an open mind

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

nor a receptive mood. But—I do rather irritate you, don't I? Get your goat, if I may be permitted to so phrase it."

"You certainly do not!" she assured him, furiously.

"Yes, I thought so," he replied, coolly. "And I can understand why. You feel that I withhold the tribute due you and your undeniable charms. And by some warped, feminine reasoning you have evolved the idea that by sending other men down like tenpins in my presence I'll wonder if I'm not mistaken."

"I certainly never had any such idea——"

"Not consciously, perhaps. I'm psychoanalyzing you. By the way, have you anything in the way of dreams to contribute? They might help——"

The music broke forth anew at that moment. Outraged, yet helpless, she seized at a subterfuge that might permit her to make a dignified—and scornful—exit.

"I'm afraid, after all, that this *will* have to be continued in our next, if ever. I've got this with Ranny, too."

"Now you're deliberately dodging. You aren't half as interested in Ranny, really, as you are in what I'm saying."

"How you flatter yourself!"

"Not at all. But Ranny is rather a bore. If you haven't discovered that, you will——"

"I think he's perfectly fascinating!" she interrupted hotly.

She didn't—but she was prepared to dispute anything that Kim might say.

"You don't really—else you wouldn't admit it. In fact, I am inclined to believe you have never given any man much more than a second thought, except——"

He had the grace to pause before he plunged, but plunge he did.

"Except me," he finished, calmly and coolly.

NOW Dorothy had been expensively educated, particular stress being put on *savoir faire* and proper deportment, no matter what might arise. But it was, most assuredly, her intention to slap Kim's face as roundly and as suddenly as he deserved.

But swiftly as she moved, he proved swifter. Dodging expertly, he took her in his arms.

"False move," he commented, with a queer note of exultation in his voice. "You should have laughed, my dear lady!"

And then—then he placed one hand under her firm little chin, deliberately tilted her face upward, and kissed her squarely on her lips!

Dorothy did not struggle. She was too much taken by surprise. And before she recovered he released her.

She did not speak at once. Words were beyond her. Then:

"If—if you ever try that again," she said with a fury that shook her voice and her slim body as well, "I'll—I'll shoot you!"

"Sh!" he counseled. "The gentleman with the wide-open mouth might misunderstand, and think you meant that."

The gentleman with the wide-open mouth was a waiter just going off duty.

He had been surprised to find guests in the passageway, but it was Dorothy's threat that had startled him out of his customary professional phlegm and caused him to stop short and regard them both as described.

Now, as Kim spoke, he regained control of his emotions—and mouth—and, remembering his place, moved decorously by them, eyes averted.

"I do!" Dorothy affirmed, ignoring the waiter utterly. "And don't you forget it."

KIM merely smiled. Then, when the waiter had passed out of sight, he said:

"Let us assume that it was just an experiment—and that I might not choose to try it again, even if I did not risk getting shot."

If she had had a revolver she *would* have shot him then. But she could only glare at him, powerlessly. She hated him. Oh, how she hated him!

This shone in her eyes. But his had never flinched.

"Here's Ranny," he announced, conversationally. "I grant him persistence—he's managed to search us out in spite of natural and acquired handicaps. He's all yours—with my compliments."

The dance with Ranny that followed had been the last one of the evening.

It was then that Kim had suggested going somewhere else, and now Kim was in the hospital. And Dorothy——

The taxi came to a standstill.

"Back Bay," announced the driver, opening the door.

Dorothy gave him a startled glance and then looked about her.

"Oh!" she said.

She paid him. And discovered that she had left exactly three dollars and eighty-seven cents, caroming among various toilet accessories in her smart black pocketbook. Not even enough to buy a ticket to New York!

One might have expected this final blow would leave her utterly demoralized. Instead it brought her to her senses.

"Nancy always was an idiot," she reminded herself, shaking her head positively as a red-capped porter sprang to relieve her of her bag. "It would be just like her to run from nothing."

To run from anything was not a part of Dorothy's creed. Abruptly, yet with absolute finality, she made up her mind. Nancy could go to New York if she wanted to, *she* intended to stay right in Bos-

ton. Flight, she now realized, would have been admission of guilt. And besides, for some reason that she preferred not to analyze, she couldn't leave Boston, anyway. Simply couldn't. The police and the newspaper reporters might ask her impertinent and perhaps unpleasant questions. Well, that couldn't be helped.

The one thing she did not reckon on was that the police would, within an hour, issue a warrant for her arrest, as the result of the investigation a man from headquarters was making at the hotel where she and the others had dined after the theater the night before.

The police detective had already questioned the waiter who had broken in upon Kim and Dorothy, and that waiter had furnished a clue to which the detective quickened like a hound who picks up a scent.

Thereafter the detective, moving with commendable celerity, discovered just when Kim Mallinson's car had appeared at the hotel, and who the other girl in the party had been. But there he met with a check, and so he returned to headquarters.

"It looks to me," he reported to his chief, "as if the Murchie girl shot him and the men are both trying to cover her up."

"The Murchie girl has skipped, you say?"

"Traced both her and the other girl to the Back Bay Station. It's a cinch they're both aboard the ten o'clock for New York. I was too late to catch them at the Back Bay Station, but I've wired the Providence police to hold them there. I'm going down to get them and bring them back."

As an afterthought, he added:

"Mallinson kicked off yet?"

"No, but he hasn't a chance. It will be murder, all right."

EVERY man knows that some day he must die. But no man ever really believes it. To this rule there may be, occasionally, an exception, but Kim Mallinson, lying on the hospital cot to which he had been brought from the operating room at five o'clock this morning, was no exception. Everybody about him believed he was going to die. The very effort they made to keep that fact from him made it apparent to him. All of which seemed to him a great joke, somehow.

They had given him something which, after the nightmare during which they had probed for bullets, left him free from all pain. No feeling of physical disability harassed him. He was experiencing a great and blessed relaxation, which it would be a pity to disturb. Except for that he could arise and walk. Yes, and even carry his bed.

As to that which had brought him to the hospital he had given his version and he intended to stick to it. This was that he had been shot by persons unknown to him, but presumably either bootleggers or hijackers.

The police inspector, who had appeared shortly after six to take his statement, had chosen to question this.

"The story Mainwaring tells is quite different," he had objected. "He says that you quarreled over a girl and that he drew a revolver——"

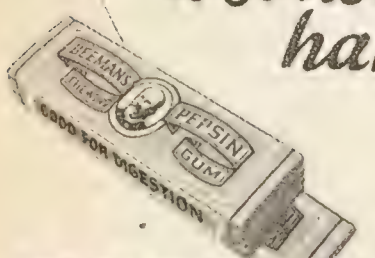
"That's piffle! Ranny was so drunk he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The celebration usually took the form of buying Dorothy something—a piquant hat, for example.

–it's healthy for the youngsters –deliciously flavored too–its daily use is

"a sensible habit"



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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

didn't know his own name. He's imagining things, that's all."

"He says," the inspector had persisted, "that he had no intention of firing the revolver, but that the girl with him—the one you quarreled over—tried to take it away from him and that it went off accidentally——"

"Did he tell you that he also saw pink elephants and sky-blue zebras?"

"Who were the girls with you?" the police inspector had asked, essaying a new line.

"There weren't any. I was taking Ranny for a little ride to sober him off——"

"Do you realize that this may be your dying statement?" the inspector had asked, solemnly.

"I'll bet you ten to one it isn't," Kim had retorted, cheerfully. "I only got three bullets in me, and I knew fellows in the Argonne who ran into machine guns and were brought in so full of lead that an army truck couldn't have carried more than four of them at a whack. But they all lived to tell the story."

AND that was all that the police inspector had been able to get out of him. He had, in fact, proved of more service to Kim than Kim to him. For he at least gave Kim—quite unwittingly—a warning of what was in the wind.

This Kim had turned over in his mind. And presently, when his father had appeared, he had made the request that Mr. Murchie be telephoned. Kim had chosen that the message be delivered to Mr. Murchie, because he never doubted but that Mr. Murchie would repeat it to his family and Dorothy would be warned of what had happened. Then neither she nor Nancy Summers, with whom she might be expected to get into communication, would be taken unawares. As for the rest, his "least said, soonest mended" would cover that.

And so, having lied like a gentleman—if not like an expert—he was preparing himself not for death but for life. With the former he had no acquaintance, but the latter had, all in all, proved a very good friend of his, he would have said.

By which he meant, probably, that he had managed to have his own way at least ninety per cent of the time, even when his own way brought him into conflict with his father's way, as it frequently had of late. They had never quarreled over anything until Kim became connected with the Mallinson-Jones-Mallinson Company.

The trouble had been that Kim and his father saw the Mallinson-Jones-Mallinson Company from different angles. To Kim's father it was a finished achievement, as nearly perfect as a human organization can be. Kim was not so sure. He was promptly informed that he had come to learn, not to criticize or boss so soon.

Moreover, Kim's father, like so many others, was determined that his son should earn his spurs. No favoritism should be shown him. He had given orders that he should be treated just like any other clerk—only more so. In other words, having been indulgent to a fault, Mallinson Senior proceeded overnight to conduct himself like a martinet. Kim was at first surprised, then amused. But as time went on he began to regard his father with a curious expression in his eyes.

They would have parted company, irretrievably, long before this, had not Kim's bachelor uncle, in dying, chosen to leave Kim his share of the business. The result had been that Kim, overnight, found himself no longer dependent on his father's bounty. He had an assured income of his own of anywhere from twenty to forty thousand a year, secured to him without effort.

Mallinson Senior had been furious—furious even beyond his departed brother's fondest hope. He had offered to buy Kim out. But Kim had negatived that, smilingly.

And so it was that Kim, at twenty-eight, spent his days and his nights in a manner that won him encomiums neither from his father nor Mr. Murchie.

They never dreamed that had Kim had the chance—half the chance his father had had—he might have accomplished something, even gone far. For there was good stuff in him. He proved it everywhere save in his relations with the Mallinson-Jones-Mallinson Company. He was the finest type of sportsman, popular with his fellows, and as clean lived as he was clean limbed.

HE was only twenty-eight and he still had his life to live. Or at least that was his intention. The only thing that perturbed him at this moment as he lay on the hospital cot was the police investigation that was being made of the shooting. But his mind was beginning to waver. Drowsiness grew and overpowered him. As it did the eyes of his watchful nurse quickened. She crossed quickly to his side and placed a finger on his pulse.

Enough has been said of Dorothy's Uncle Hugh to make it plain that he was a publisher of books; that with him the publishing of books had not proved the financial success that would have given the venture prestige in the eyes of Dorothy's father; and that, quite aside from this, he was not, as a family connection, regarded as an asset by either her father or mother.

To Dorothy, however, Uncle Hugh was everything her parents were not. She had the habit of dropping in on him at his apartment, entering as imperiously as a young princess and demanding from him, as imperiously, whatever she happened to want from him—perhaps five dollars in return for her verbal promise to repay it as soon as her next allowance was in hand.

The financial relations between them were on the most satisfactory basis imaginable.

In spite of her father's slurs, Uncle Hugh was never without funds and the desired loan was never denied Dorothy. She, in return, always repaid him promptly, and he, in turn, always insisted that to be so repaid was something unprecedented and therefore demanded a celebration.

The celebration usually took the form of buying Dorothy something she desired—a piquant and delectable hat, for example. And after that they would have tea together. They were the best of pals.

SO it was that Dorothy, refusing to flee with Nancy and yet determined not to return to Kempton Court and her parents, suddenly decided to go to her Uncle Hugh and, with a sense of pressure lifted—if only momentarily—signaled a taxi and, leaving Back Bay Station, gave the driver the address of Uncle Hugh's apartment.

The apartment Uncle Hugh occupied was on Beacon Hill, but not that part of Beacon Hill which one might prefer to select for one's residence. In fact, although Beacon Hill stands as a symbol of social desirability, it is, like Gaul, actually divided into three parts. These parts are the very desirable, the not so very desirable, and the frankly undesirable. On the fifth floor of a building that came in the second of these divisions lived Dorothy's Uncle Hugh. Before that building Dorothy's taxi halted.

Hugh had finished his breakfast, which he had prepared for himself, and, tilting back from his desk—used as a table—he had his pipe between his teeth. He was leisurely of movement, normally, but his first glimpse of Dorothy's face brought him to his feet instantly.

"What's happened?" he demanded, quickly.

Dorothy dropped her suitcase.

"About everything that could!" she answered, and briefly her pretty mouth quivered. Then it set resolutely. She crossed the little living room, snatched up the telephone book, and turned its pages feverishly.

Hugh started to speak and changed his mind. Instead he proceeded to do what her father and mother neither could nor would have done. He left her alone, sparing her questions as he started removing breakfast dishes to the kitchenette. But when, presently, he heard her speaking over the telephone, he made no effort to shut out her voice.

"This," he heard her say, "is

a—a friend of Mr. Mallinson's. Can you—tell me how he is?"

He caught the catch in her voice. He did not know that her heart all but stopped as she waited for an answer. Then he heard her say, "Thank you," and knew that she had hung up.

An appreciable interval passed while he determinedly busied himself about the kitchenette. If she wanted to tell him anything——

"Just what does 'resting as comfortably as can be expected' mean, anyway?" she demanded from the doorway.

He turned toward her. This was, he realized, no time to tell her of an experience he had once had. Having called a hospital two hours after an acquaintance had died—as he subsequently discovered—he had been assured that he was "resting as comfortably as possible."

"I should say," he answered, "that it depends upon what the patient is suffering from."

But his interest went much deeper than that. Of Kim, Dorothy had never spoken to him. The only Mr. Mallinson he knew anything about was the one to whom his brother-in-law owed allegiance—and paid it, in full. Why Dorothy should be concerned over his condition puzzled him.

"He—he was shot," explained Dorothy.

"Shot?" he echoed, taken by surprise.

"We were out automobiling last night," explained Dorothy. "Or, rather early this morning—after midnight, that is——"

"Mr. Mallinson?" he demanded incredulously.

"Oh, not *father's* Mr. Mallinson," she said, and he glimpsed the extent of the emotional strain she was under in the fact that she was irritated by his lack of comprehension.

"I mean his son—Kim Mallinson. He was on the front seat. With another girl. The man I was with was—was drunk. And sort of silly. He had a revolver and he took it out. I tried to get it away from him and it went off. I didn't know then that Kim—Mr. Mallinson—was shot. I didn't know it until this morning."

She paused for breath, then plunged on.

"He's—at the hospital. The other man's at police headquarters and—and I've got the revolver in my suitcase——"

THERE her voice failed her. She could not go on. But she had said enough. For a second he stared at her, utterly speechless. And then, by a distinct effort, he managed to regain at least the appearance of composure. He took her by the arm and led her back to the living room. There he placed her in a chair.

"Let's get the whole story, Dorothy," he said. "From the start."

And she tried to tell him, though not quite from the start. She said nothing about Kim's outrageous outburst, or of the threat she had made. This she suppressed instinctively, but she would have considered it irrelevant, anyway. Hugh might not have. Even so, what Dorothy did say was enough to warrant a concern he felt but was careful to mask.

As described by Dorothy, the shooting was patently enough an accident and Hugh never doubted, then, that it would be so accepted—in time. But in the meantime! There would be publicity. Reams of it. The social prominence of the participants insured the story's interest and the newspapers would play it to the limit.

"They'll crucify them," he realized, grimly.

But though with him truth was a fetish, he could not tell Dorothy so. Not while her eyes searched his defiantly and yet—pathetically. Dorothy pathetic! It wrung his heart to see her so. Abruptly he turned to the telephone.

"I'll find out exactly how Mallinson is," he said.

He did not call the hospital, but a friend of his who was an editor of one of the Boston papers. He held the wire while the latter got first hand and authentic information from his own man at the hospital. When this was relayed to him, Hugh's face set to—he hoped—an inscrutability as impenetrable as a professional gambler's. But Dorothy sensed the truth.

"Oh, Uncle Hugh!" she gasped.

The next instant she had come to her feet and was sobbing in his arms.

"There, there—while there's life there's hope," he soothed, patting her back as if therein lay some sovereign cure for all that so beset her. "Anyway, nothing is ever so bad as it seems."

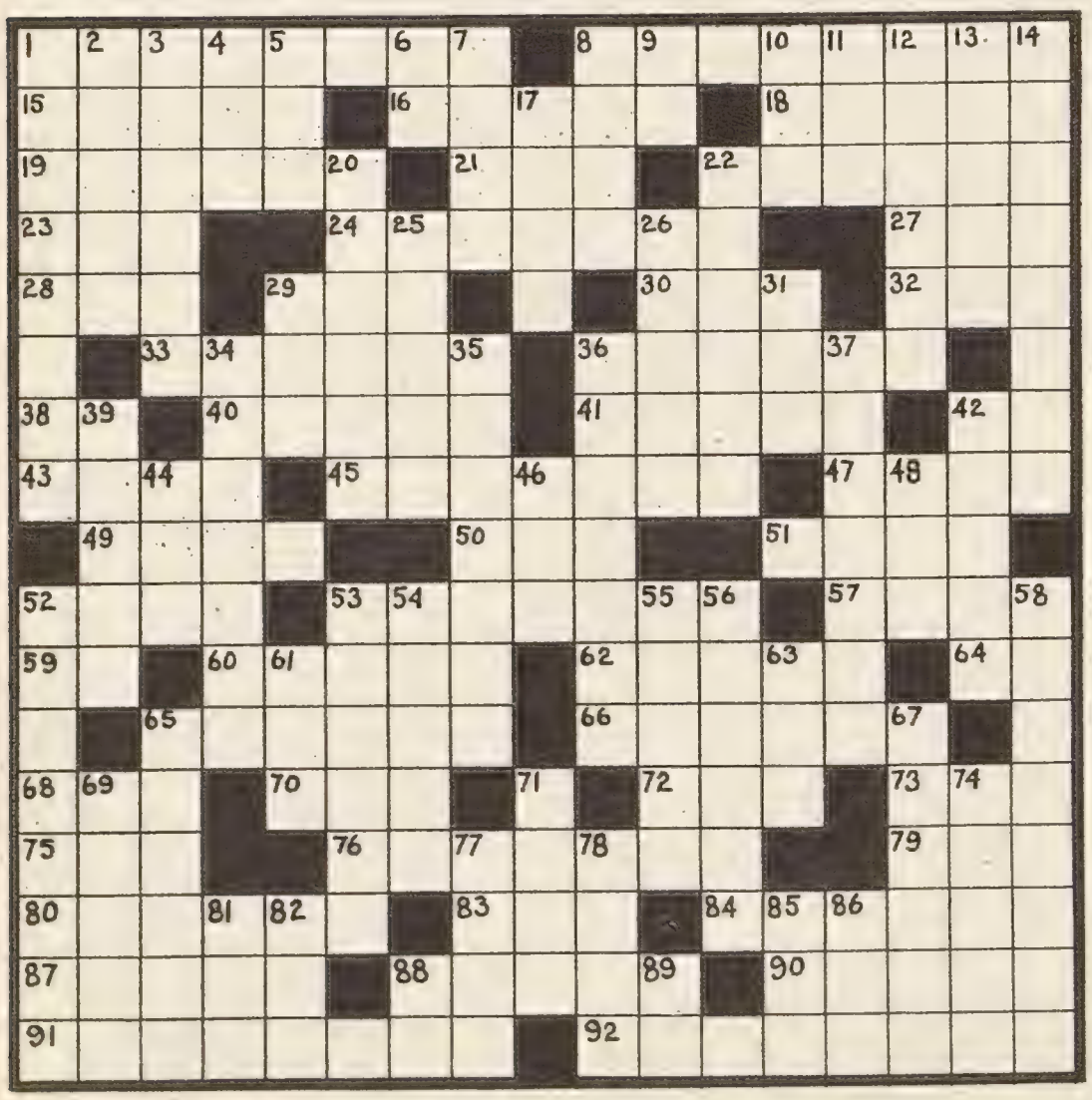
Which, so far as he was concerned, was the rankest insincerity. For it was his belief that by the time a situation has reached the point where its dangers are apparent, it is apt to be worse than most people have any idea. And even as he sought to quiet her, his perturbed glance came to rest, over her shoulder, on her suitcase. He remembered, suddenly, that she had said the revolver was in it.

"Great Scott!" he groaned, under his breath.

Circumstantial evidence points to Dorothy as the culprit. Will she be convicted? To find out, read the third installment, in next week's Liberty.

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 34

NOW that half the world is beginning to think of school again it's time to take our cross-word puzzles seriously as an education. If you know what "young codfish" (see Vertical No. 56) are, you can go to the head of the cross-word puzzle class.

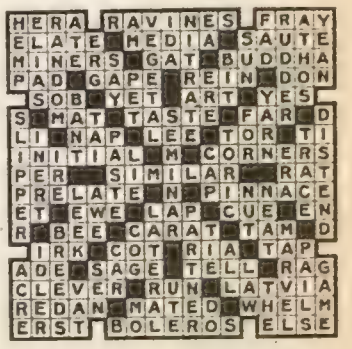


HORIZONTAL

1 Pitiful
8 Existing apart from others
15 Foreign
16 Small candle
18 Pertaining to the rise and fall of waters
19 Metric measures of capacity
21 Liquor distilled from molasses
22 Remodel
23 Feminine proper name
24 Inform
27 Any rare or perfect object
28 Numeral
29 Twelve dozen (abbr.)
30 Article of apparel
32 Prior
33 Backless seat for a single person (plural)
36 Annoy
38 Measure of type
40 A province of China
41 A scene of action or contest
42 In proximity to
43 A food fish
45 Lubricated
47 Batters
49 A greasy substance
50 A small lizard
51 Backward projecting point of a sharp weapon
52 Plant of the mint family, used for flavoring
53 Written challenge to combat (plural)
57 Single element of a battery
59 One hundred square meters
60 Moved in a furtive manner
62 Mother of pearl
64 Commercial abbreviation for "every one of a number"
65 One of a vessel's crew
66 Prepared wire for a musical instrument
68 Everyone
70 Eternity
72 Coal scuttle
73 The arrangement of sailing equipment of a vessel
75 Insect of the genus Apis
76 Lay snug
79 A collection of facts
80 Wards off
83 Tint
84 A relative
87 Neither in the past, present nor future
88 Pertaining to the kidneys
90 Ordinal number
91 Provided with greater depth
92 Withholds approval

VERTICAL

1 Board on which artists lay their colors (plural)
2 Existent
3 Children of Uranus and Gæa (Greek Myth.)
4 Pronoun
5 Point of the compass
6 That thing
7 To find fault unreasonably
8 Prefix meaning half or partly
9 Suffix used to form nouns of agency
10 Consumed
11 Margin
12 Proverbs
13 One who accepts a bet
14 Component parts
17 Seam-stitch
20 Nether garment worn by Malays
22 Nurtured and trained
25 Pertaining to the poles of a sphere
26 Allotted part of something divided
29 Viscid sticky substance (cant)
31 A color shade
34 Feminine proper name
35 Derider
36 Speeds
37 Member of the people against whom Crusaders fought
39 Grinding tooth
42 Walk leisurely
44 Loiter
46 The stern section of a vessel
48 A form of the verb "to be"
52 A stately Spanish dance
53 Marks of punctuation
54 Single
55 Machine to hold a rotating object for cutting
56 Young codfish (plural)
58 Those who fall or remain behind
61 Bind
63 Cause to be quit of
65 Part of a garment
67 A crust or crisp surface, as of buttered crumbs
69 Wharf
71 Render temporarily unconscious
74 Lifeless
77 Outbuilding
78 A metallic element
81 Corded textile fabric
82 The Italian word for "three"
85 Possessive pronoun
86 That girl
88 Syllable applied to a note of the scale
89 A Chinese weight and measure



Answer to Puzzle No. 33

A Page of MOVIE REVIEWS

By Alva Taylor

Adolphe Menjou (in insert) and Greta Nissen in *Lost—A Wife.*

Evelyn Brent in *Smooth as Satin.*

Billie Dove (in insert) and Jack Holt in *The Light of Western Stars.*

Lost—A Wife

Directed by W. De Mille Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Tony Hamilton	*Adolphe Menjou*
Charlotte Randolph	*Greta Nissen*
Dick	*Robert Agnew*
Baron Deliquieres	*Edgar Norton*
George	*Mario Carillo*
Duke de Val	*Genaro Spagnoli*

LOST—A WIFE is as charming and delicately naughty a movie as the sophisticated moviegoer has seen in a round of moons. The slight degree of naughtiness is nothing that the censors, professional or amateur, can pick on, for it consists merely of a saucy continental flavor and situations provocative only of admiration for their cleverness and subtlety.

The picture was taken from the stage play Banco, which was in turn a neat adaptation by Clare Kummer from the French play by Alfred Savoir. Brilliant direction and the usual scintillating characterization on the part of Adolphe Menjou make the screen performance as outstanding, in its own field, as the original.

Adolphe Menjou is "Bet-a-Thousand Tony" who lost his wife because he was too fond of betting his famous thousands. Tony was a rich American who, when he set eyes on the beautiful Charlotte Randolph (Greta Nissen) at one of the playgrounds of Europe, bet five thousand that he would win her away from the fat old Duke to whom her fond mamma had engaged her, and marry her himself. Tony's courtship was as rushing and as lucky as his betting.

But Tony's love of gambling caused a divorce on the honeymoon. Tony wouldn't leave the Casino gambling rooms until his wife went to the hotel, and his wife put down a pretty foot and wouldn't leave the Casino lounge room until her husband stopped playing. The outcome was that Tony played for some seventy-two hours straight, while his wife spent the first night in an arm chair and the second night on a bed which a sympathetic and admiring French baron had the thoughtfulness to provide. Charlotte might have forgiven this. But when she heard that Tony had even bet that he would win her, she left and divorced him, and became engaged to the aforementioned kindly but entirely unromantic baron.

The most delightful situation of the picture is the wedding night of Charlotte and the baron, when the ex-husband appears upon the scene and elopes with his former wife.

Greta Nissen, a new and shining light upon the screen, is charming. Of Adolphe Menjou's personality little need be said, as he is so well known to moviegoers.

If you're looking for fun with a big F, see this comedy.

Smooth *as* Satin

Directed by Ralph Ince F. B. O. Picture

THE CAST:

Gertie Jones	*Evelyn Brent*
Jimmy Hartigan	*Bruce Gordon*
Kersey	*Fred Kelsey*
Bill Manson	*Fred Esmelton*
Mrs. Manson	*Mabel Van Buren*
Henderson	*John Gough*

ELSEWHERE on this page I offered the opinion that without a Western movie now and then the fan's movie going would not be complete. A crook melodrama is another type of picture which is needed to keep the movies well balanced. Smooth as Satin is one of the best examples of the screen activities of crooks that has been offered in some time.

As is the case with all crook dramas, you must take much of it with many grains of salt. For, of course, there is a grand and glorious reformation on the part of the hero and heroine crooks. They are made to see the light, in this case, by intimate contact with the sweet home life of what they think are a lovely, honest couple, but who are really smooth-working crooks in the guise of silver-haired folk down from the country.

There is everything in this picture that a good crook drama should have, including a girl crook, safe-cracking, and a prison escape with the appropriate pursuit. At the end there is a particularly spectacular and well staged train wreck. Everything about the picture is "smooth as satin."

NEXT WEEK: *Grounds for Divorce and Paths to Paradise, Paramount pictures, and Kivalina of the Icelands, produced by Earl Rossman.*

The Light *of* Western Stars

Directed by W. K. Howard
Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Gene Stewart	*Jack Holt*
Madeline Hammond	*Billie Dove*
Brand	*Noah Beery*
Bonita	*Alma Bennett*
Al Hammond	*William Scott*
Billy Stillwell	*George Nichols*

MOVING PICTURES without Western melodramas would be like food without any sauces. We must have our cactus scenery, our Mexican bandit villains, our sombreroed hero, our charming heroine who can go from riding breeches to French heels, who falls into the clutches of the aforementioned Mexican bandit villain, and is rescued by the also aforementioned sombreroed hero. These items are enough to make a movie fan happy. The Light of Western Stars, the latest Zane Grey Western story, offers a generous amount of entertaining plot and thrilling situations. In it you get your money's worth of spine-tickling excitement.

Noah Beery is a delightfully hateful villain, as usual.

Jack Holt is the hero, Gene Stewart. He is the only one who can keep the cattle on Madeline Hammond's ranch from shrinking sadly in numbers, night after night. The diminishing of the herds is being done by Brand (Noah Beery), high-class rustler, who has so much power in the neighborhood that even the sheriff bows to his bidding. As a result of the warfare with him, various men are listed as missing.

Madeline Hammond comes from the East in a white fox fur, a Paris gown, and patent leather slippers, and finds that her brother is among those missing and that she must keep the ranch from going under. She is able to do this as long as Gene stays around. But one day she suspects him of carrying on a clandestine love affair on her ranch with a certain Bonita, and she bids him a haughty farewell. No sooner is he gone than the villain enters, and both the cattle and Madeline are his prize.

The denouement to this drama of the desert is full of action. Gene goes through a little performance known as the walk of death, an idea conceived by the Mexican bandit, consisting of a promenade through the empty streets of the town, which is under the bandit's rule, while a gun is leveled at him from around every corner. As soon as the sun drops so that there is not a shadow left on the wall of the buildings, his honor, the bandit, drops a handkerchief, and the guns go off. But, naturally, in this case, the sun sets just as the rescue party arrives upon the scene.

If you're looking for some delicious shivers, go to see this picture.

DE MILLIAN STYLES—New and Old

By ALVA TAYLOR

CECIL DE MILLE has moved some of his favorite stars over to the Producers Distributing Corporation. But he has acquired some new talent as well. Sally Rand (oval above) is a new blonde beauty Mr. De Mille is molding to his type of star.

Photo by Melbourne Spurr

EDMUND BURNS, who will play opposite Leatrice Joy in Hell's Highroad for De Mille.

ROD LA ROQUE is one of the original De Millians. He is making The Coming of Amos, in which Jetta Goudal, vampire de luxe, will play with him.

Edwin Bower Hesser Photos

PRISCILLA DEAN (right) is not a new star by any means. She has done several pictures lately. But she is new under De Mille's guidance.

Henry Waxman Photo

LEATRICE JOY has always been one of De Mille's best cards. She went over with him to his new quarters, and will be seen in Hell's Highroad with Edmund Burns.

Melbourne Spurr Photo

A Short Story of the Race Tracks, Where Hosses Are Hosses, and Men Are Men, and Women Are—Well, Dynamite!

By
JONATHAN BROOKS

Pictures by
FRANK B. HOFFMAN

JACK O'

SOME wag nicknamed them Dammin and Pithus, and the names follow them all over the American turf. Squat, chubby old Ojie Gordon swears a great deal, if the habitual meaningless use of the word "damn" may be called swearing, and lank, bowlegged Kernel Mallow talks very little. His angry, pithy retorts are quoted at many tracks.

Everybody knows Dammin Gordon and Pithus Mallow who knows anything at all about running horses. But nobody knows any other reason why they should be labeled, punster fashion, after those two fabled friends of old. Far from feeling any affection for each other, they are sworn enemies. Nobody knows why.

But everybody knows it is true and, whether at Bowie, Jefferson, Lexington, or Tia Juana, finds time for casual observation of their bitter feud. Speculation as to the beginnings of their enmity has long since ceased.

Half a dozen times they have come to blows in public, and only a little while ago, at Latonia—but there is where the story begins.

At Latonia there is a little pint-size stand up by the head of the stretch, beyond the last mutuel sheds and near the paddock. It is frequented by horsemen and their followers and families.

On a sunny October afternoon, before post time for the first race, a little group of horsemen loafed among the lower seats in this little stand. Talk for the moment was of the better class of aged horses able to run a mile or farther. Opinions varied as to the best of the lot, and it remained for the concise, close-mouthed Kernel Mallow to gather up the threads of conversation and tie them in a knot.

"No use talkin'," he said, as he sat, cross-legged, on the end of the first row of seats, in the sun. "I think I've got the best miler on the grounds, in my black hoss, Juggler. But wait two weeks, till we run off the Seminole, and we'll see."

Kernel Mallow spoke a little louder and somewhat more decisively than was usual with him, possibly because fat, pudgy Ojie Gordon must have been at least fifteen feet away. Dammin, his short legs propped under him as he rested on the edge of the seat at the other end of the row from Kernel Mallow, seemed to have paused there rather than actually to have sat down.

"How about this Jack o' Lant'n, of Gordon's?" asked a practical joker in the little group, evidently intent on furthering Kernel Mallow's plot.

"I'd know, and care less," said Pithus Mallow, with a side glance out of his eyes to note that Dammin heard him. "Ojie's readyin' him up to trim me and Juggler in the Seminole, but he's got as much chance as I have of winnin' last year's 'Tucky Derby with my old gray mare."

"Is 'at so?" demanded Dammin, walking right off the edge of his seat and shouldering along the front row to a point directly in front of Kernel Mallow. "This hoss can give your damn black Juggler ten pounds and beat him as far as from here to the paddock."

"Packin' a big heavy name around?" laughed Pithus.

"Name and all. My dotter give him 'at name, and——"

"Took time off from her play-actin'," said Pithus. "Yuh know, Ojie's dotter's on the stage, an actress."

"You keep y'r damn tongue offa my dotter," demanded Dammin, hotly.

"She leaves him, and goes on the stage," pursued Pithus, heedless of the warning. "Holy hossflesh, if that gal was my dotter——"

"I s'pose y'd send her to Yale Law School, have her git fired," asked Dammin, sarcastically. "'Longside your son, my dotter's a credit to me!" he added, triumphantly.

"Credit?" echoed Pithus, turning to the group in mock surprise. "Credit to him? I'd say after all these years breakin' himself to send her checks, she was a *debit* to him. All she's good f'r is to name his hosses f'r him, and——"

But he did not finish the sentence. Little Ojie, boiling over with a wrath he could no longer contain, jumped at the taller man. But here their mutual friends intervened. Hands were laid on the doughty Dammin, to restrain

JUGGLER'S boy realized his race was yet to be won. And then it was too late. Jack o' Lantern swung free and clear, his nose and neck to the fore as he flew past the finish line.

LANTERN

him. The baiting had gone far enough. Dammin was led away.

In the Gordon barn high hopes were held for Jack o' Lantern. Fancifully named by Maisie Gordon, to whom old Ojie had reported he was a son of Jack-of-All-Trades and Lantern's Glow, the horse really gave promise.

The pudgy old fellow began laying his campaign plans. It had been a disastrous summer for Dammin. His funds were just about exhausted. Two weeks remained of the Latonia fall meeting. Dammin's every move was based on the certain prospect that Kernel Mallow would have his black horse Juggler in the annual running of the Seminole Handicap, a $5,000 stake at one mile.

And then, one day, the fifth before the big race was to be run, the redoubtable Dammin failed to appear at the track. That evening old Lemuel Stokes, his colored trainer, made his way to Gordon's boarding house, and found him sick in bed. He shuffled out and found a doctor.

"Flu," said the doctor, briefly.

"Damn nuisance—just when I need to be up and about," growled Dammin, a limp, weak-huddled pile of humanity under the bedclothes.

Back at the track Lemuel spread the news that his old boss was sick—"flu, and the doctuh say he be moughty sick 'fo' he git well, if he do git well." Whereupon the racing fraternity, high and low, made sentimental efforts to do something for the old fellow.

Among others who moved was Pithus Mallow. He dug into his small private stock for a select bottle of old Bourbon, and sent it, with his compliments, to Dammin.

"Damn moonshine," growled Ojie Gordon, wrathfully, refusing to accept either the Bourbon or the compliments.

"Throw it out the window," he directed old Lemuel, "and tell him to keep his damn compliments till I ask for them."

But old Lemuel smuggled it out of the room, and later consumed it all. With more courage than he ordinarily could muster, he sought out Kernel Mallow and personally conveyed Dammin's message.

"Huh," snorted Pithus. "Even if it's his deathbed, all the old fool will take from me is a lickin'. All right, he'll get it."

The more Pithus thought about Ojie's attitude the angrier he became. He nursed a growing, festering resentment until morning, and then, it being the third day before the big race, dispatched his son to call upon Dammin in bed.

"And you tell him, son," he directed, coldly, bitterly, "that I said if there is anything I can do for him, I'll be glad to do it. But that as long as he acts the way he does, I'll see him in Hades before I lift a finger for him. Givin' my best Bourb'n to an old darkey—he oughta be shot."

Johnny Mallow had no liking for the errand, but thought he might perhaps be wise to go through the motions.

Arrived at the boarding house, Johnny was met by a slim young girl wearing a borrowed apron over a shirtwaist and skirt.

"Father's very sick, and asleep just now—I do not wish to disturb him," she said.

"No, ma'am," said Johnny Mallow. "I hope he's better. My name's Mallow, ma'am." He had forgotten his errand completely at sight of the girl.

"Not Kernel—er, Mr. Mallow," she began, recoiling in distaste.

"No, ma'am," Johnny assured her. "His son, John Mallow. Is there anything——"

"Oh, you're the one who was sent—who went to Yale?"

"Yes, ma'am," Johnny replied, flushing through his tan. "But I wasn't sent away—exactly. I got mixed up in a scrape, and when

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

they said I could either tell who did a certain stunt, or leave, why, I left."

"Well, that's better. I don't blame you for not snitching," she smiled. "I'd heard——"

"That I got fired? Well, I didn't."

"I'm glad." The girl smiled again. "I'm Maisie Gordon. The landlady here telegraphed for me in New York yesterday, and I just got here to take care of Dad."

"You look more like a nurse than an actress," the boy blurted, in an effort at friendliness.

"And I hope Im a better one," she said. "Dad's pretty sick, but I think we can get him through it all right. So nice of you to call."

II.

THE Kernel's anger melted that afternoon when, in a final tryout for the pending renewal of the Seminole Stake, the black horse Juggler made a show of his field and won as he pleased. From anger Pithus turned to anticipated triumph, and began planning a telegraphic betting campaign on the coming event. For the time being he forgot Dammin and Dammin's horse.

Meantime, Dammin, a round, forlorn heap under the blankets, woke, weak and listless. He turned his head slowly on the pillow, and, seeing his daughter sitting at the bedside, smiled wanly. It was good to have one's own flesh and blood at a time like this. He looked at her as she half rose to warn him not to disturb the covers, but he disregarded the warning, and tried to raise a hand, to get it out from under the blankets. The effort proved too much for him.

"Weak as a damn kitten," he muttered. "Can't raise a finger, when I need to be up and around and busy."

"You don't need to be anything of the kind," said Maisie, cheerfully. "All you need to do is to lie quietly, and rest, and get over this touch of the flu. Nothing else is important."

Poor little Dammin looked at her in surprise. But then she knew nothing of his affairs. He had never written of his business, or told her anything of his finances. His monthly letters, usually about four sentences long, mentioned nothing but the inclosed check and his latest triumph. He never mentioned the difficulties he sometimes encountered in mailing her a check the first of each month. For all she knew, he was a fairly prosperous, steady-going business man.

His mind, feverishly active, canvassed his situation. Jack o' Lantern, at the top of his form, ready to run a spanking good race, needed financing. Dammin had intended, if the horse seemed fit and trim in a last final workout under cover, to scurry around and see some friends, borrowing enough here for the final entry payment, enough there for betting in the books at New York and Chicago, and a little more elsewhere for playing in the pari-mutuels the day of the race.

But here it was Thursday, and he had not so much as planned the final work for Jack o' Lantern.

"What's the matter, Dad?" Maisie's quiet voice asked. "Tell me, what's the trouble?"

Disarmed by her tenderness, Dammin broke down and cried like a child, sobbing until his round frame shook. It was a long time before he could talk, and Maisie, wise in the ways of human nature, let him cry, only occasionally patting his shoulder and rubbing his forehead with a cool hand.

Relieved, his troubles washed away by the tears that coursed down to his fat throat, Dammin began talking in a low, whispering voice. He told her of the uncertainties of his business, of the ups and downs traversed by a horseman, even the best horsemen. He described Jack o' Lantern for her, and told her how the horse could clear the debit of a disastrous season and insure him a quiet, restful winter in which he could plan better things for the coming season. With some bitterness and many damns, Dammin reviewed his long feud with Kernel Mallow.

"And I had it in my hands to whip him this time," he whispered. "We could win this damn race, and beat his black hoss. If I could do that I wouldn't care very much if this flu——"

"We needn't give up your plans," she said, at last. "I'll help you—do everything that needs to be done, if you'll promise to keep quiet, sleep, and not worry."

"YOU?" he whispered in amazement. A woman knew nothing of racing. "You don't know anything about it."

"But I could take your orders, and carry them out," she insisted. "Especially if it means so much."

"C'd you do two or three things for me—if I tell you exactly what they are?" he asked, cautiously.

"Certainly I could," Maisie asserted, confidently.

"And have you any—could you get together a little money, some way?" he asked, uncertainly, thinking only of the entry fee payable on the morrow.

"I think so," said Maisie.

"Well, I'll think about it," Dammin ventured. "Tired now. If I go to sleep, wake me up at four o'clock, will you?"

"If that's one of the orders," Maisie agreed, smiling.

When Maisie returned, after a little while, she felt positively refreshed and high in spirits. But on opening the door she was reminded of her new responsibility. There sat old Lemuel Stokes in the chair by the bedside. He looked around as he heard her turn the

knob, and stood up as she appeared in the doorway. A quick glance at the bed showed that her father still slept, so, to avoid waking him, she motioned Lemuel to come outside into the hallway.

"I'm going to wake father at four o'clock, to give him some medicine and some broth," she told Lemuel. "And he's going to tell me what he wants done. Then I'll have to talk to you. Can you come back here, downstairs, at five o'clock?"

"Yass'm," and Lemuel, with excess polite deference, bowed, and shuffled down the hall.

Maisie woke her father at four o'clock, according to her promise.

At five o'clock Maisie went to the track.

"Be here at the stable tonight at twelve o'clock—a quarter before twelve," she told Dammin's exercise boy. "Is there another boy here—anybody else besides Lemuel Stokes?"

"Yes, ma'am, Jake's here, 'nother darkey."

"Tell him I said to be here with you, at a quarter of twelve."

"Oh, he'll be here," said the boy. "He sleeps in one of the stalls."

"And please don't tell anybody you're going to be here—even if you don't know what for," Maisie directed.

"No'm, never say a word," the boy grinned. "But I'll give a guess what it's for."

"But you won't give your guess out loud, will you?" asked Maisie.

WITH Lemuel, Jake, and the exercise boy, Maisie, to carry out her father's orders, needed one more man. She did not wish to trust the exercise boy to bring in a fourth person, and decided to rely on her own judgment. Whereupon she did a thing that, had her father known it, would have given him a combination of apoplexy and heart failure.

She strolled out toward the rail fencing in the track along the backstretch. Several horses were on the course, being worked out after the day's races, and a number of men lounged along the railing. These men were of all shapes and sizes, all shades, and all appearances as to character. Some of them, it must be admitted, looked like Black Hand artists and sandbaggers. Maisie looked over several of them furtively, while appearing to give her attention to the horses galloping on the track. One man appealed to her as being an honest type. He sat humped over on the rail, a tall, gangly figure, without a coat, his suspenders exposed to the October breeze.

"You look like an honest man," said Maisie, addressing him. "Do you want to earn ten dollars?"

"W'y, miss," and the tall figure slipped down from the fence, to stand as erect as his habitually stooped shoulders permitted. "I might." He was so tall that it was an effort to look up at his quizzical eyes and thin, hard face. Maisie found herself noticing that he wore a rope for a belt, and that he had bowed legs.

"Well, I want to hire a man for about five minutes, at midnight tonight," Maisie explained, innocently. "And I can pay ten dollars."

"Murder, miss?" the man asked, the hint of a dry smile on his lips.

"No. Murder gets out," Maisie smiled. "And this mustn't get out. One of the conditions is that you must not tell a soul what you do or what you see."

"All right, miss, that will be easy. I never talk much, anyhow. Where do you want me to go?"

"Meet me right here, at five minutes of twelve, tonight," said Maisie. "Here by this gate. Are you sure I can count on you?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," the man assured her. "I reckon I may be able to use that ten dollars. Money's kinda scarce, nowadays."

"Then I'll meet you," said Maisie. "Thank you."

She strolled back to the stalls, and found that Lemuel had returned, excessively apologetic for having been delayed in reaching the house.

"Frien's kep' me late," he complained. "Had some ol' white mule, and jus' natch'ly insisted Ah gotta he'p 'em with it."

"Father wants me to come out here tonight, and help you give Jack o' Lantern his workout to see whether he starts in the big race Saturday," said Maisie. "If the horse runs a mile in 1:40, I think he said, we will start him. If he does not, we will save our money."

"Oh, he'll do it, mum," Lemuel assured her. "'At hoss a runnin' fool jus' now. Ain' nothin' he ruther do 'n run."

"I told the boy to be here," said Maisie, "and he'll ride. I told him to have Jake here to hold a lantern, and I've got another man who will hold one. I'll hold one, and you can have the other one with the stop watch. Is that all right?"

"Oh, yass'm—but who th' othuh man, mum?"

"I don't know his name, but he's a nice, honest looking fellow," said Maisie.

Old Lemuel was aghast at this statement, for in his experience all night workouts had been conducted as they should be conducted, in absolute secrecy. Nobody outside the immediate stable connections should ever be permitted to know even that a trial was being run. Ordinarily he would have exploded, but he faced a lady, and knew better than to offend.

"But Ah'd shuah like to know who th' othuh man is," he mumbled to himself when Maisie had gone.

Back at home again, Maisie assured the anxious Dammin, weak and listless in bed, that all arrangements were made. She had seen Lemuel, she said, and together they had made all their plans.

"And Lemuel is positive Jack o' Lantern will do what you ask," she said. "He says Jack o' Lantern is a running fool, whatever that is," she laughed.

POOR, weak little Dammin Gordon took some comfort from her cheerful assurances, but he could not help feeling some misgivings. He ought to be out there at the track himself, personally seeing that everything went off smoothly and quietly. If he could only get out for a little while—but the idea was not safe. Maisie seemed uncannily to read his very thoughts. Therefore Dammin relaxed, outwardly, and presently, after a few spoonfuls of hot broth and another dose of medicine, pretended to be asleep. Maisie did close her eyes, and, being weary, dropped off for a nap. When she woke, and stood up, she was startled to find it was after eleven o'clock. Hastily noting that her father appeared to be sleeping soundly, she hurried out to the hall and telephoned for a taxi.

Dammin opened his eyes, turned over in bed, and summoned all his will power.

"I'm goin' out to that damn track," he muttered. He sat up in bed, dizzily. The effort cost some strength. But by propping himself with his hands, and leaning against the head of the bed, he could remain upright. When he heard the front door close and heard the whir of the taxi motor as the chauffeur started the car, he cautiously worked his way over to the edge of the bed, and put his feet out.

Just how Dammin ever succeeded in making the expedition only he will ever know, and he has not words to describe the effort it demanded. But he managed to dress himself, called a taxi, found a bottle in a dresser drawer, and took a long, strong drink from it. Then, with the bottle in his pocket, for emergencies, he crawled downstairs. The taxi driver helped him from the front door, out and into the car.

"Race track," he mumbled, weakly. "Grand stand."

He fell over on the seat and tried to make himself comfortable as the car jolted over the none too smooth pavements of Covington and Latonia. At the grounds, with the car drawn up by the stand, the driver again had to help him.

"Keep a secret?" demanded Dammin, pitifully vicious.

"Sure," said the driver.

"Then help me around the stands, and out on the damn track," muttered Dammin. "Mebbe I'll tell yuh how to clean up some money."

III.

IT was a beautiful, moonlight night in late Indian summer. No lights were visible in the grounds, but far away on the rounded Kentucky hills in which the Latonia course nestles, the lights of a few scattered cottages gleamed and twinkled. Dammin, almost carried by the taxi man, went out on the track in front of the judges' stand. As he did so, a lantern appeared, swinging along over a rise in the infield, and presently came to rest on the track, beside a pair of long legs. The legs belonged to old Lemuel Stokes. Peering into the night, Dammin saw another lantern, across the infield at the first quarter pole. A third shone where the half-mile post should be, and a fourth was moving around at the last turn near the three-quarter post, midway on the long turn. Everything seemed to be set for the secret trial of Jack o' Lantern, even as Maisie had promised.

"Lemme go over there, crossa track," muttered Dammin, weakly. Arrived within the glow of Lemuel's lantern, he spoke again.

"Everything all right, Lem'l?"

"Wha's 'at—wha's—who," exclaimed the startled old darkey. "Ah thought Ah rec'nized Mistuh Go'don's voice."

"You did," said Dammin. "Everything all right?"

"But he's home sick in baid, bad sick, too," protested Lemuel.

"Nigger——" began Dammin, angrily. He could have cried, from exasperation and weariness.

"Yassuh, ev'thing's all right—that is, ev'thing's all wrong, boss," complained the old darkey. "We's set to run. But Miss Maisie, suh, she done tole Jimmy to ride 'is hoss, and he weighs a hunde'd thuty-five. Heavy enough to kill 'is hoss. And she's done got—she's got—she——"

"What, what, damn it?" Dammin demanded.

"Done got Kuhnel Mallow holdin' a lant'n ovuh at the half-mile post," whined Lemuel. "Ah nevuh knowed nothin' 'bout it, suh. She done it. Ah——"

This was the last straw. Poor little Dammin Gordon caught his breath, and leaned against the taxi driver for support. Everything ruined! Kernel Mallow would know all about Jack o' Lantern, whose speed until now had been kept hidden. Mallow would either withdraw Juggler, or refuse to play him. The word would get out, and Jack o' Lantern would be made the object of a betting plunge that

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would carry his price down. Something had to be done, and done quickly.

"Does Maisie know it?" he asked Lemuel.

"Yassuh, Ah tole her," Lemuel replied. "And she was all broke up, feard she'd ruined things fo' you, suh. Nen Ah tole her to wave th' lante'n jus' a little befo' Jack a Lant'n reaches wheah she is."

"That's good," muttered Dammin, relieved. "Where's the horse?"

"He comin' onna track now, suh, wahmed up and ready t' run," said Lemuel.

"Mister," Dammin appealed to the taxi man, "Can you get me up the track, there, to the three-quarter pole?"

"Gosh, man, y'r awful heavy."

"Ten dollars extra, and some information for a killing," snapped Dammin.

"All right, let's go."

Hurrying as best he could, the taxi driver literally carried the miserably tired little man up the track. But they reached Jake in time, first to frighten him out of his wits, and then to take the lantern away from him. Dammin himself held it.

His idea, in case you are not familiar with the dark and mysterious ways of crafty horsemen, was to deceive Kernel Mallow. Pithus, who knew by now that he was sitting in at the final work of a horse calculated to upset his own plans, held a stop watch. He could not time the start, or the finish, but, by watching Maisie's lantern, a quarter of a mile before him, and the third lantern, a quarter beyond, he could easily time Jack o' Lantern for half of his mile trial. And he meant to do so. He smiled to himself, gloating over the chance that had come to him to undo his rival's plans.

"If this bay hoss runs like Gordon thinks he can, here's where I find it out. Then I'll know whether to spread on my black hoss or take him out of the race," he thought.

DAMMIN, propped high up on the fence between Jake and the taxi man, peered out through the night. The sound of hoofbeats floated across the turf to him. Jack o' Lantern was off. Listening closely to the quickening rhythm, Dammin stared in the direction of the first quarter. After what seemed an age, a lantern light described an arc in the air.

Maisie, nervously athrill in the strange, still surroundings, had swung her lantern. Then she recoiled, in afright, as the rush of pounding hoofs thudded past her.

"That must be Maisie," muttered Dammin. The hoofbeats died out of hearing. He shifted on the fence to watch the point where the half-mile post should be, and, holding dizzily to the fence and his two supporters, presently noted a second lantern swinging. Now the hoofbeats, even and measured, were coming to his ear again.

"Kernel Mallow's lookin' at his watch, now," murmured Dammin, as the lantern on the back stretch was lowered, then held up again.

Kernel Mallow, chuckling, peered at his watch, even as Dammin surmised. Then turned to await the swinging of the next lantern, far around the turn along the white-washed fence.

Dammin trembled. On came the beating of hoofs. Then the regular, even breathing of the spirited Jack o' Lantern could be heard, with the rubbing of leather, and the voice of the boy calling to his mount. Nearer and nearer came the horse through the darkness. Dammin, his head throbbing, his heart thumping, had never realized one horse made so much noise. A rush, a roar, a terrific pounding, and the horse whirled by in the night.

"Swinga lante'n," exclaimed Jake. "Lem'l say swinga lant'n whenna hoss go by."

"That's so," Dammin agreed, and, with the horse several strides gone, feebly lifted and swung the lantern. But to himself he muttered that if he and Maisie hadn't taken two seconds and added them to Kernel Mallow's time he was crazy.

"Jake, run tell Lem'l not to let Maisie know I was here," he said. "Quick, run."

THEN he laboriously hauled out his bottle and tilted it to his lips. After a long pull, he offered the liquor to the taxi man. Thus fortified, they started for the taxicab, Dammin shivering and chattering as if he were freezing to death.

"If that old fool thinks this hoss, runnin' the middle half as slow as a funeral, can win Saturday, he's crazier'n even I thought he was," Pithus Mallow laughed to himself as he left the track.

"Boss say one-forty, boss say one-forty," chanted old Lemuel Stokes as Jack o' Lantern came galloping evenly down the stretch. He stared up the dark track between the white railings. His chant was almost in time to the beat of the bay horse's hoofs. "Boss say one-forty——" and just at that instant the horse rushed past him. He snapped his thumb on the watch, dropped his hand into the light of his lantern, and exclaimed:

"Nine! Whoopee! One-thutty-nine—with an ove'growed boy on 'is back!"

Maisie, her cheeks flushed and her eyes bright, still trembling with the thrill of her unusual experience, hurried up the stairs and into her father's room. She knew he should be asleep, for his own good, but she hoped that he would be awake, so she could tell him all about the trial. Opening the door, she saw the round little huddle under the covers. Everything was quiet, and as she had left it. Softly, she closed the door, thinking to avoid disturbing her father, but the slight noise seemed enough to wake him. Dammin turned over, slowly and painfully, and opened his eyes.

"Father—awake?" she asked. "How have you been?"

"Couldn't sleep," he muttered. "But I'm all right," as she hurried to the bed and laid her hand on his forehead. He seemed somewhat feverish.

"Daddy!" Maisie exclaimed, at once angry and disappointed. "Who brought you liquor to drink?"

"Nobody," said Dammin. "I was tired, and couldn't sleep. Thought it would make me feel better. Got it out of the drawer."

"You got up?" queried Maisie, horrified.

"Sure—no trouble," muttered Dammin. "And I was about asleep, too, when you came in. Feel like I could sleep a week, right now."

"But I wanted to tell you how we got along," said Maisie. "Are you sure you feel all right?"

"Except for being so sleepy," Dammin replied. "Just tell me one thing before I drop off. How fast did Lemuel say the horse went?"

"One-thirty-nine, with a big boy up—I think that was the way he put it." Maisie smiled. "Was that all right?"

"Purty good," vouchsafed Dammin, noncommittally. "Don't let me sleep past noon tomorrow. That'll be Friday."

Utterly worn out, with every muscle and every bone in his body crying for rest, Dammin dropped off into a heavy, stuporous sleep. Maisie watched him for a time. Before seeking her own bed she crept out to the telephone and talked with the doctor, who reassured her, and promised to call in the morning.

. . . . . .

The finish of the Seminole Stakes set a tremendous throng of race-mad fans wild. Juggler, the favorite, came out of the ruck at the last turn, and, swinging strong and true, forced his black head past one after another of the front runners. Midway down the stretch, his jockey casting a watchful eye over his right shoulder to be sure no surprise over-

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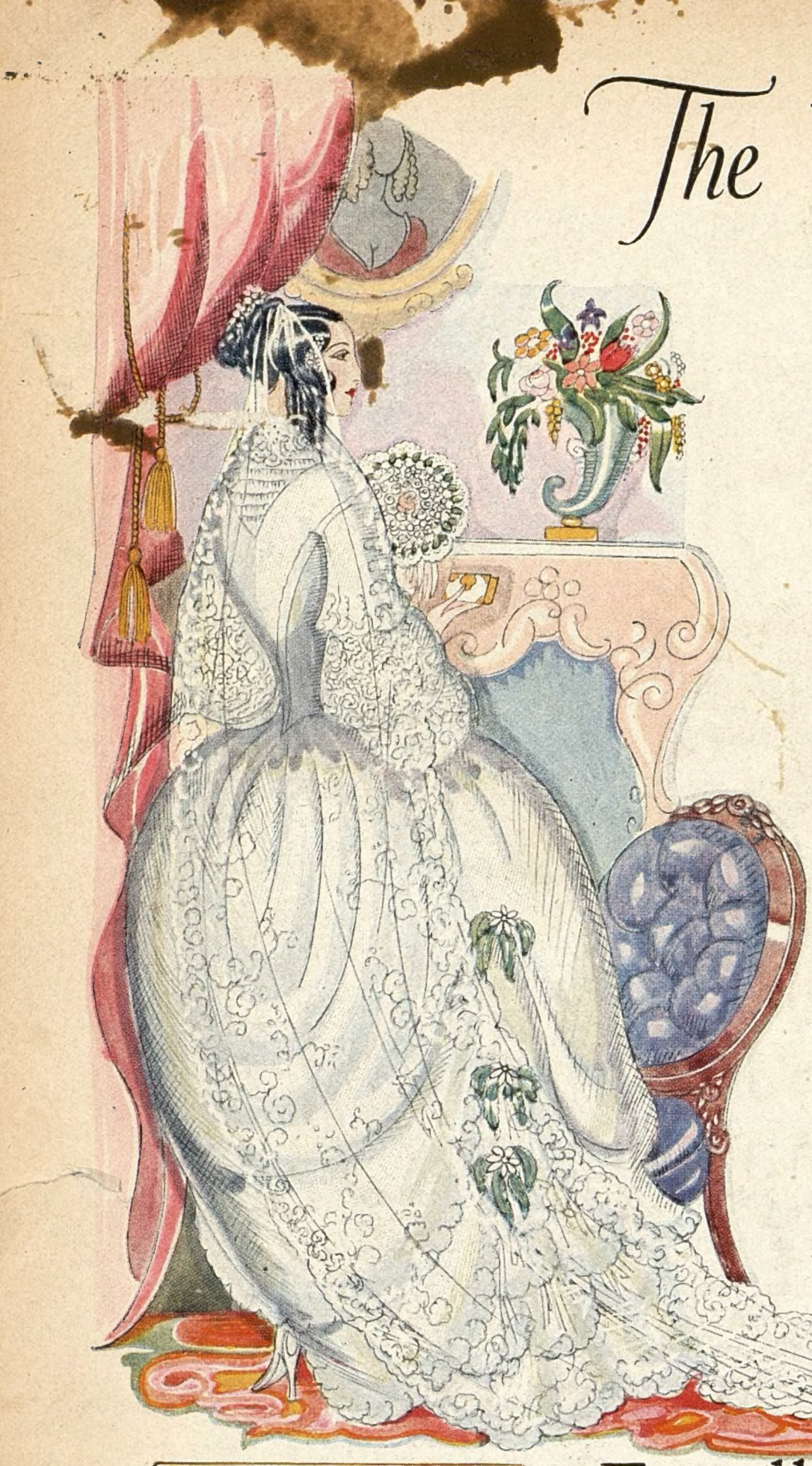

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